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CONTENTS.

I. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. IN MEMORIAM, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . .	3
II. MARCIA. By W. E. Norris. Part XIV., . .	<i>Murray's Magazine</i> , . . .	16
III. ROME AND THE ROMANS, . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . .	24
IV. THE UNATTACHED STUDENT, . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . .	36
V. WATER IN AUSTRALIAN SAHARAS, . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , . . .	43
VI. THE VALE OF THE MANOR AND THE BLACK DWARF, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . .	49
VII. A HOT MORNING, . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . .	60
VIII. CHELSEA BOTANIC GARDEN, . . .	<i>Nature</i> , . . .	62

POETRY.

IN LALEHAM CHURCHYARD, . . .	2 GIPSY SONG, . . .	2
MISCELLANY, . . .		64

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IN LALEHAM CHURCHYARD.

'Twas at this season, year by year,
The singer who lies songless here
Was wont to woo a less austere,
Less deep repose,
Where Rotha to Winandmere
Unresting flows, —

Flows through a land where torrents call
To far-off torrents as they fall,
And mountains in their cloudy pall
Keep ghostly state,
And Nature makes majestic
Man's lowliest fate.

There, 'mid the August glow, still came
He of the twice-illustrious name,
The loud impertinence of fame
Not loth to flee —
Not loth with brooks and fells to claim
Fraternity.

Linked with his happy youthful lot,
Is Loughrigg, then, at last forgot?
Nor silent peak nor dalesman's cot
Looks on his grave.
Lulled by the Thames he sleeps, and not
By Rotha's wave.

'Tis fittest thus! for though with skill
He sang of beck and tarn and ghyll,
The deep, authentic mountain-thrill
Ne'er shook his page!
Somewhat of worldling mingled still
With bard and sage.

And 'twere less meet for him to lie
Guarded by summits lone and high
That traffic with the eternal sky,
And hear, unawed,
The everlasting fingers ply
The loom of God,

Than, in this hamlet of the plain,
A less sublime repose to gain,
Where Nature, genial and urbane,
To man defers,
Yielding to us the right to reign,
Which yet is hers.

And nigh to where his bones abide,
The Thames with its unruffled tide
Seems like his genius typified, —
Its strength, its grace,
Its lucid gleam, its sober pride,
Its tranquil pace.

But ah! not his the eventual fate
Which doth the journeying wave await —
Doomed to resign its limpid state
And quickly grow
Turbid as passion, dark as hate,
And wide as woe.

Rather, it may be, over-much
He shunned the common stain and smutch,
From soilure of ignoble touch

Too grandly free,
Too loftily secure in such
Cold purity.

But he preserved from chance control
The fortress of his 'stabilisht soul;
In all things sought to see the whole;
Brooked no disguise;
And set his heart upon the goal,
Not on the prize.

With those elect he shall survive
Who seem not to compete or strive,
Yet with the foremost still arrive,
Prevailing still:
Spirits with whom the stars connive
To work their will.

And ye, the baffled many, who,
Dejected, from afar off view
The easily victorious few
Of calm renown, —
Have ye not your sad glory too,
And mournful crown?

Great is the facile conqueror;
Yet haply he, who, wounded sore,
Breathless, unhorsed, all covered o'er
With blood and sweat,
Sinks foiled, but fighting evermore,
Is greater yet.

WILLIAM WATSON.

August 18th.

Spectator.

GIPSY SONG.

THERE, where the path to the plain goes by,
Where deep in the thicket my hut doth lie,
Where corn stands green in the garden-plot,
The brook ripples by so freshly there,
The way is so open, so white, so fair —
My heart's best-belovèd, he treads it not.

There, where I spin at my door without,
And morning winds, whisp'ring round about,
With scent of roses enfold the spot;
Where I sit at even, and sing my lay
Quite low, to the wand'rer who goes his way —
My heart's best-belovèd, he hears it not.

There, where on Sundays I go alone
To the old, old well with the milk-white stone,
Where by the fence, in a nook forgot,
There rises a spring in the daisied grass
That makes whoso drinks of it love — alas!
My heart's best-belovèd, he drinks it not.

There, by my window, where day by day
When sunbeams first brighten the morning's
grey,
I lean and dream of my weary lot,
And wait his coming, and softly cry
For love's great longing, that makes us die —
My heart's best-belovèd, he dieth not!
New Review. CARMEN SYLVA.

From The Fortnightly Review.
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

IN MEMORIAM.

I RODE over before luncheon one morning to see Lady M— upon some trivial matter. As I began to speak of it— "Have you not heard?" she said, in a sad, half-reproving voice. "Heard? What? You know I seldom look at a newspaper in the morning." "'There's a great spirit gone'! The good cardinal died yesterday!" I mounted my horse and rode slowly away, unheeding of the green earth and balmy air and blue rejoicing sea, in which, a few minutes before, I had taken such delight; but thinking, the more intensely as the impressions of the outer world were deadened by the tidings to which I had just listened; thinking, not so much of the high gifts and fruitful labor of the illustrious man who had at last been called away, as of what he had been to me, and could no more be! Never again shall I hear the low music of his voice, or feel the influence of the serene sweetness beaming from his face, or look into his candid eyes, whose brightness time had scarcely dimmed. Never again shall I be able to consult him in my undertakings, or to seek his aid in my perplexities. "How good! how kind! and he is gone!" As I was pondering these things, a telegram was put into my hands reminding me of a promise which I had made to pay some tribute, in this review, to the memory of my dear and venerated friend, in case I should survive him. I could well wish that I had not made the promise. But having made it, I will, to the best of my ability, fulfil it. Anything like a critical examination of Cardinal Newman's writings, or an historical survey of his work, would be impossible to me at present; but if the few simple words, which I may find myself able to put on paper, at all serve to set before my readers what manner of man John Henry Newman was, I shall not regret the effort which it costs me to write them.

During the last seventeen years of his life, Cardinal Newman honored me with a friendship which I regard as one of the greatest blessings of mine. I remember well the bright summer day— such a day

as this— on which my wife and I first went to see him at Edgbaston, with an introduction from a common friend, and how greatly we were struck by his extreme gentleness. Never shall I forget his singular thoughtfulness for her—a young and delicate woman, who, to say the truth, was inclined to be much afraid of him. Workmen had been about the place, and here and there planks were laid and tools were scattered. How careful he was that she should not trip or stumble, taking her from time to time by the hand and conducting her by the path which he judged safest! Not less careful was he that she should have her due share in the conversation. He seemed to discuss the topics which would specially interest her, and led up to them with a simple natural courtesy that had a charm beyond the reach of art. We took rooms for some weeks in the adjacent hotel, to be near him, and I think we saw him daily. In my own private conversations with him I was led ever more and more to wonder at the spaciousness of his thought, giving one a feeling like that produced by the ampler air which one breathes by the seashore. Yes, there was a far-reaching mysteriousness about it, recalling the "murmurs and scents of the infinite sea." After a few days he spoke to me with much unreserve of his own affairs, his troubles, his failures, his plans, now glancing at

old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago;

now referring, not without a touch of quiet humor, to what he called "the great mistakes that good people are so apt to make about me." I quoted to him the Italian saying: "God save me from my friends; I can take care of my enemies by myself." He laughed, and said that perhaps he might to some extent adopt it. There were those who, in their anxiety to serve him, would try to find *their* meaning in *his* words; and their meaning was not always his; sometimes, indeed, was very far removed from his. There were others again, whose "tyrannous *ipse dixit*" were supremely distasteful to him. "They forget," he said, "that there is only one pope, and that even *he* is infallible only

when he speaks *ex cathedra*." He spoke of the "Apologia," and of what it had done to remove some misapprehensions about him. But there were still a great many widely current, especially among Protestants, which he would like set right. And he was very desirous, for this end, that his later writings — the books published by him since he became a Catholic — should be better known. It occurred to me that I might assist in this by putting together a few hundred pages of such selections from his works, as should present his mind upon the more important topics with which he had dealt, since he left the Anglican communion. With a confidence which much touched me, he readily assented to my doing so. He would prefer, he said, to leave the choice of passages entirely to me, but would gladly aid me with any counsel which I might seek.

So, when I went back to London, I set to work upon my volume of "Characteristics from the Writings of John Henry Newman." And this was the beginning of a correspondence between us which continued as long as his hand was equal to the labor of writing. I have sent to town for his letters; and they now lie before me — a great pile. I shall use for my present purpose such of them as I may, which lend themselves to the task that I have undertaken. I say "such of them as I may;" for although not one of them is marked "private," many are far too personal, too confidential, nay, I will say too sacred, for any eyes but my own. These are among the things which "it is not lawful for a man to utter." Upon one occasion, when entrusting a delicate and difficult negotiation to me, he said — how well I remember his soft yet piercing tone — "You will know what I should wish." I know enough of my dear and venerated friend's mind to be quite sure that in the present matter my judgment will not be at variance with what he would have wished.

I think the following is the first letter which I received from Dr. Newman. At all events, it appears to be the first which I have preserved.

THE ORATORY, May 12, 1873.

MY DEAR MR. LILLY, —

You and Mrs. Lilly kindly promised to be present here at our feast. We keep it with our friends who come from a distance on the 29th instant, in the Octave of St. Philip. On the evening before, Wednesday, the 28th, our boys perform a play of Plautus. Next morning, the 29th, our Bishop sings the High Mass, and then we have a *déjeuner*. I hope much you will be able to fulfil your intention of coming.

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

St. Philip Neri's Feast was a time of great joy in Cardinal Newman's home. His devotion to the saint, whose habit he wore and under whose rule he lived, was deep. This personal attachment to a man who had been dead three hundred years, who left no image of himself in books, for he wrote none, whose life was spent in Rome in a private station and in the discharge of the ordinary duties of the sacerdotal calling, often appeared to Dr. Newman's Protestant friends fantastic and unreal. It was in truth one of the soberest facts of his life. The "old man of sweet aspect," whose bright and beautiful character, he used to say, had won him before he was a Catholic, was ever present to a mind which dwelt more in the unseen than in the seen. To me one of the most interesting incidents of St. Philip's Feast was at the high mass, when, after the Gospel, Dr. Newman ascended the pulpit and read — not without pauses from strong emotion — Bacci's beautiful narrative of his patron's last days upon earth. It was the most touching reading I have ever heard. It was absolutely simple. There was no sort of striving after effect. Only a few notes of the voice seemed to be employed. But it cast a spell upon me, only, I suppose, to be explained by the saying — which, curiously enough, was Dr. Newman's own motto — "*Cor ad cor loquitur*." It always reminded me of those wonderful lines in his own poem, "St. Philip in his God:"

As snow, those inward pleadings fall,
As soft, as bright, as pure, as cool,
With gentle weight and gradual,
And sink into the feverish soul.

I am told that a like effect used to be produced on those who heard from his lips, when he was an Anglican clergyman, the lessons in the daily service of the Church of England. Some one—I cannot call to mind who—mentioned to me that he was present when Newman read a chapter of one of the historical books of the Old Testament, in which there is an enumeration of a long line of kings. One reigned so many years and then died. The next verse gives a like account of his successor. And so throughout the chapter. One would have thought it difficult to make much of this monotonous memorial of a number of barbarous chieftains. My informant told me that in Newman's mouth it became a most effective sermon on the "change, decay, and emptiness of life," a most penetrating application of the text, "*Vanitas Vanitatum*." It has been my privilege, upon many occasions, to hear Dr. Newman's mass. I have heard no one else so utter the august orisons consecrated by the highest function of religion. Only his own words—I can cite here but a few of them—can describe what the mass was to him; what he made those realize who assisted at it.

To me nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming, as the Mass. It is not a mere form of words; it is a great action; the greatest that can be on earth. It is not the invocation merely, but—if I dare use the word—the evocation of the Eternal. Words are necessary, but as means, not as ends; they are not addresses to the Throne of Grace, they are instruments of what is far higher, of consecration, of sacrifice. They hurry on, as if impatient to fulfil their mission. Quickly they go, the whole is quick, for they are all parts of one integral action. Quickly they go, for they are awful words of sacrifice, they are a work too great to delay upon. Quickly they pass, for they are as the words of Moses, when the Lord came down in the cloud, "*The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth.*" And as Moses on the mountain, so we too, "*make haste and bow our heads and adore.*"

The day before this visit of ours to Dr. Newman ended, we drove over with him to Rednall, a tiny country house of the Oratorian fathers, well away from the

smoke and din of Birmingham. We had much talk with him, during the drive, of Italy, where we had spent the previous winter, and we were both greatly struck by the vividness of his recollection of the natural beauties and the artistic treasures which he had not seen for so many years. Rednall is a delightfully tranquil retreat, on the slope of a hill clad in heather and bracken, and looking out over a wide expanse of fruitful fields and green pastures, and was very dear to Dr. Newman. He was wont, from time to time, to spend days there in absolute seclusion, whether seeking rest from prolonged labor, or unbroken time for more assiduous toil. Close to the little church there, is the churchyard where the Birmingham Oratorians are buried. I remember his pointing out to us the grave of his great friend, Father Ambrose St. John, and his standing hushed beside it for some minutes, as if in meditation or mental prayer. It is there that he will be laid to rest next Tuesday.

Dr. Newman took the greatest interest in the volume of "*Characteristics*" which I was compiling from his writings, and our correspondence about it was constant. I will give one or two of the letters; not those which are of most interest to me, but those which seem best fitted to help my readers to understand him. The following has reference to two suggestions from my publisher—that a portrait of Dr. Newman should face the title-page of the volume, and that a statement that the selection had been authorized by him should appear on that page.

THE ORATORY, *March 10, 1874.*

MY DEAR MR. LILLY, —

I am glad you have advanced so far in your steps towards publication.

As to Mr. King's two propositions, I could not grant both, for it would hardly be right in me to be positively a party to placing my face at the beginning of the book. Therefore, I think you will be able in your own Preface to insert a sentence to the effect that you have used the uniform edition of what I have written, which contains my last corrections, and that you have consulted me on any difficulties to which the selection gave rise. Will not this do? In that case I make no difficulty about the other matter, and enclose the two

last photographs taken of me, for you and Mr. King to choose from.

Very truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

P.S.—If, as I should not wonder is the case, you find you must still omit, for want of room, I think you had better omit *controversial* passages than *history*. Recollect, the less controversy the more it will sell among Protestants, and Protestants will be the chief purchasers. And they themselves, when they have read the history, may perhaps go on to read the controversy in my own volumes.

The following brief note tells its own tale:—

THE ORATORY, *March 29, 1874.*

MY DEAR MR. LILLY,—

Unless the printing has anticipated me, I ask a favor if you won't think me particular. It is that the printer does *not* put a large W when the relative refers to Almighty God or Christ—*i.e.*, *not* "He Who," "our Lord, to Whom," *but* "He who," "our Lord, to whom."

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

When the book appeared, some reviewers attributed to Dr. Newman a more direct association with me in its preparation than was warranted, or than, as I thought, would be agreeable to him. In reply to a letter from me about this he wrote as follows:—

THE ORATORY, *February 4, 1875.*

MY DEAR MR. LILLY,—

It is very kind in you to be so anxious.

Of course it would be absurd to let it be said that your volume is brought out on my own initiation, or with my own selection of passages—and in your Preface you have hindered that from being supposed—since I should be coxcombical if I had done so; but I don't think it is any harm for a reviewer to state the fact, as this reviewer has done, that the volume is published with my direct concurrence and satisfaction. I don't understand the words you quote to mean more than this.

With my kindest regards to Mrs. Lilly,

I am, most truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

During the years 1875-8 I visited Dr. Newman somewhat frequently at the Birmingham Oratory, and had opportunity of appreciating fully the high endowments which gave him his singular ascendancy over those with whom he was brought in contact. He was a talker of supreme excellence, and with no touch of arrogance. He loved to hear what others had to say, and would take pains to draw out what was best in them, and to interpret them to themselves. He impressed me, in conversation, as the most puissant and fecund nature with which I had ever been

brought into intercourse. The multiplicity of his interests, the variety of his knowledge, his singular power of assimilating what he had read and heard, of making it quite his own, and of reproducing it with his image and super-scription stamped upon it, were most remarkable. There was in his talk that "easy vigor" which, according to Pope's well-known lines, combines "Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness." There was in it a gracious delicacy of touch, and a subtle Platonic irony, which gave it an inimitable charm. I need hardly observe that Cardinal Newman never talked for talking's sake. I think it was Archbishop Whateley who defined the difference between a good preacher and a bad as being this: the good preacher preaches because he has something to say; the bad, because he has to say something. Cardinal Newman had always something to say when he spoke; something most worthy of being said; something which he could say as no one else could. And the light of his whole conversation was his supreme loyalty to truth. In his spoken, as in his written words, his language was a beautifully accurate symbol of his thought. He used to make me think of Goethe's lines:—

Dieses ist der Sinn der Wahrheit
Der sich nur mit Schöönem schmückt,
Und getrost der höchsten Klarheit
Hellsten Tag's entgegenblickt.

Economy, of course, he sometimes practised. I would that he had practised it more frequently. There were occasions in his life when he had bitterly to regret casting his pearls before swine; who, *more so*, quite unappreciative of his treasures, did but turn again and rend him.

I was much struck by his dislike of shibboleths and catchwords; and I remember his approving heartily an observation of mine, that they commonly served but for the vindication of what George Eliot called "the unlimited right of private haziness." He had a quite unique gift of going straight to the heart of a question. On one occasion he had been reading—in the *Times* newspaper, I think it was—the utterances of some master of physical science, about "instinctive finality," about "eternal atoms with a tendency to progress." "Words, words," he exclaimed. "Whence the instinct? Whence the tendency?" Mr. Darwin's discoveries and hypotheses greatly interested him. But I do not think he was deeply read in the literature which grew up about them.

The central doctrine of evolution seemed to present, in itself, no difficulty to him. He saw clearly that there are two theories of evolution. There is the evolution of blind necessity; there is the evolution of divine finality. His knowledge of the Bible was singularly deep and accurate. He was "mighty in the Scriptures." I do not mean that he was much versed in modern scientific exegesis. On the contrary, I believe he knew very little of it, save by rumor. And what he knew he disliked. The subject was not attractive to him; and, as he did not read German, it would have been difficult for him adequately to pursue it, if he had wished. His whole conception of Christianity was ecclesiastical and sacramental. "Without the earthen vessels," he said to me, the last time I ever saw him, "how can we have the treasure? Your friend X. calls a Church 'a necessary evil.' Necessary it certainly is, 'dum sumus in corpore.' *There*"—and a smile of more than earthly sweetness lighted up his face—"there it will be different. 'I saw no temple there,' we read in the Apocalypse." To the faith of Rome, in which, after, so many storms, he had found an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, his own personal submission was absolute and unreserved. But he possessed a largeness of conception which led him to sympathize deeply with men of good-will outside his own communion. In the great religious movement in the Church of England which succeeded, and, in some sense, issued from the Tractarian movement, he was deeply interested. I think it was in this connection that he once said to me, "I did not cease to be an Englishman when I became a Catholic." For our insular party politics he cared little. But he had a vivid sense of the anarchical and dissolvent character of what I have, in a recent work, called "The Revolutionary Dogma"—that is, the political principles and doctrines formulated by Rousseau, and translated into action by the Jacobin disciples of that sophist, and their successors unto this day. In the public order, as in the religious, the principle of authority was pre-eminently dear to him. But he was no dweller "among the mouldered lodges of the past;" no enemy to progress save when it means—as it often does mean—apostacy from the great moral and religious principles which, as he well discerned, alone can bind society together. It may be said of him, as one said of Ozanam, that he was "passionately enamored of the legitimate con-

quests of the modern mind," that he "loved liberty and served it," that he was "intolerant of intolerance, and just towards error."

I love to linger over those visits of mine to the Oratory, in the days when almost the only signs of old age found in Dr. Newman were his venerable aspect, the ripeness of his wisdom, and the breadth of his charity. We saw him, from time to time, in town, at the houses of a few cherished friends whom he visited. I remember, in particular, pleasant dinner-parties at the Duke of Norfolk's, at Lord Denbigh's, at Lord Coleridge's, where we had the privilege of meeting him. But in order fully to appreciate Dr. Newman, it was necessary to be with him in his own home, among the devoted fathers and brethren with whom his life was passed. His mornings were usually sacred to his work. But in the afternoon, at the period of which I am speaking, he would take a long walk—he was still a great pedestrian—in which his visitor had the privilege of accompanying him. At six o'clock the community dinner took place; and on the days when his turn came round, "the Father" would pin on the apron of service and wait upon his brethren and his visitor—who, to say the truth, was somewhat uncomfortable in being thus ministered to—not himself sitting down until they had received their portions. All ate in silence, broken only by the voice of the lector, who from a pulpit in the corner read first a few verses from the Vulgate, then a chapter of the life of a saint, and lastly, a portion from some modern work of general interest. When dinner was over, questions in some department of theological science were proposed by one of the community. Each of the fathers in succession gave his opinion, ending with the formula, "But I speak under correction." Then the proposer summed up. After that we all adjourned for "recreation" to a neighboring parlor, where coffee was served, and the pent-up flood of conversation burst forth—the play of wit and fancy, the wealth of anecdote and reminiscence, the tender glances at the past, the keen remarks upon events of the day. In all of which the superior would fully bear his part, not more at home in his graver pursuits than in this genial hour, which recalled to me the description given of the first oratory presided over by St. Philip Neri himself, "The school of Christian mirth." Some hour of the evening Dr. Newman would, not unfrequently, devote to music. I suppose we are all familiar

with that passage in his "Oxford University Sermons," in which the "mysterious stirrings of heart and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions, we know not whence," are described in words whose majestic eloquence, I think, has never been surpassed. He who wrote thus of music, was himself no mean performer upon the violin. It was not until three or four years ago that his right hand forgot her cunning. A month before his death, his cherished instrument was given to the daughter of a friend for whom he entertained an especial affection.

I suppose it was about 1875 that I began to write. I owe much to the kind, I might almost say the paternal, interest which Dr. Newman took in my first literary productions. He bade me resort to him without scruple whenever he could be of any kind of service to me; and proofs of some of my earlier papers, on which he has written his suggestions, are among my most treasured possessions. His notes were brief in most cases, such as "I would rather put it thus;" or "Good;" or "How do you reconcile this with what you have said above in the passage which I have marked A?" One of his precepts was, "Be sure you grasp fully any view which you seek to combat, and leave no room for doubt about your own meaning." From the letters which are lying before me I will give one or two written at this period. Here is one, criticising, most justly, a paper in which I drew a contrast between the civilization of the Middle Ages and the civilization of the nineteenth century:—

THE ORATORY, July 25, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. LILLY, —

I have read with great interest your "Considerations on the Civilization of the Nineteenth Century," and found them, as I should expect, most able and striking, but you must not think me ungrateful for the real instruction they convey, if I add my feeling that they are one-sided, and I am going to ask you to read why I think so, because we shall never make way with the deeper and more serious minds unless we are perfectly fair, and because it is but a small thing to gain the praise of those who agree with ourselves. Now will you let me dogmatize a bit in my own way? that is, state my view of the matter without going to the length, which would be considerable, of proving it.

I begin by assuming that the Church is in the world, and the world in the Church, and that the world, whether in the Church or not, *totus in maligno positus est*, that though it pro-

fess the Christian religion, though its millions are separately baptized, though its ranks and professions, though its governments, its great men, its law, its science, its armies, accept the Gospel as the one rule of faith and practice, still *mundus totus in maligno positus est*. Moreover, that this is true in all ages and places — so that in all times, including the mediæval *multi sunt vocati, pauci electi*, and the apostolic laborer, like St. Paul, *omnia sustinet propter electos*.

It is plain that, if I am allowed such a broad fundamental principle, I must, in consequence, think there is some fallacy whenever one age of the world is praised, in respect of real moral excellence, at the expense of another, and in truth I do not think that there is anything to prove, from facts ascertainable by us, that there is, as regards moral and spiritual excellence, that profound antagonism in *the concrete*, which you seem to me to be maintaining between the age of St. Bernard or St. Francis and this age, and that in the same sense in which the present scientific men and statesmen are the result of Luther (which they *are* in one sense, and that a fair one), is Alexander VI., and all that is represented by his name, an outcome of Innocent III. The natural truths of science, physical, moral, social, political, material, are all from God — as those of the supernatural order are. Man abused supernatural truths in the mediæval time, as well as used them; and now man uses natural truths, as well as abuses them. I am not determining which of the two abuses is the greater profanation, I only say that the one age is not all light, the other all darkness; and I think that, in matter of fact, more can be said for this age than you seem to allow. The subject is so large that I dread to enter upon it, but I have put so much on paper by way of a memorandum.

Yours most sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

I remember well the "morning pure and splendid" at Bagnères-de-Luchon, when this letter came to me, and how much I felt the writer's kindness. There is a playful reference to it in another, written a few months later:—

THE ORATORY, December 8, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. LILLY, —

I ought before now to have thanked you for the most kind notice of me which you introduced into your lecture at the Academia. It was returning good for evil, after the attack I had made on you in the course of the summer. It is a pledge to me that you will not forget one whose time here, for what he knows, may be short.

Say everything kind from me to Mrs. Lilly, and ask her to accept, and accept yourself, by anticipation, my best congratulations on the "ventura solemnitas" of Christmas.

Ever yours most sincerely,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The following letter is very characteristic:—

THE ORATORY, June 18, 1877.

MY DEAR MR. LILLY,—

Thank you for your very able and learned dissertation on the study of Mediæval History. It is full of research and of instructive thought. Personally, I am much pleased and very grateful to you for noticing Mr. Bowden's "Hildebrand," which of course has the faults of an Anglican writer, but is, after all, an excellent and religious work thrown to oblivion. The author was so dear to me, and the whole history from first to last of its composition is so present to my memory, that the neglect to which it is doomed, is, to me, a very sore subject, and any break in the thick dark cloud is a great relief.

Also, I thank you for the many tokens you give in your essay, of your kindness to myself, though I am ashamed of your referring to me so often. The *Dublin* has a practice of always calling me F. Newman, and it has inflicted it upon you, whereas my brother is commonly distinguished from me by this initial, his name being Francis.

I say this because, much as we love each other, neither would like to be mistaken for the other.

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

P.S.—Please tell Mrs. Lilly that I don't consider her to have made up her mind never to see Rednall again!

The next letter is out of its proper chronological order, but this will be the best place for it. It was elicited by a brief note of mine telling Dr. Newman that the "Characteristics" had passed into a third or fourth edition (I forget which), and congratulating him upon the success of his "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk" written upon the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's sophistical and bombastic diatribe against the Vatican Decrees.

THE ORATORY, January 23, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. LILLY,—

I am very glad to have your news about the "Characteristics." It is the best proof how good you have been to me,

Thank you also for your notice of my letter. I rejoice to think it is doing service, and hope nothing will happen to thwart it. I have very encouraging letters from our chief Theologians. As to the Ordination question it has not yet been dogmatically settled, and, as to precedents, there are precedents against heretical orders as well as for them, though of late centuries the precedents are for them again; it does not follow because schismatical orders are good that, therefore, heretical orders are,—for, while heretics are external to the Church, it is not certain that schismatics are. So I fall back on my reason; my conclusion being, not that heretics and schismatics cannot

transmit orders validly, but that it is *unlikely* they can and unsafe to act upon their validity.

Thank you for your affectionate reflections upon my letter to the Duke.

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

At this time Dr. Newman was busily engaged upon the new and uniform edition of his works, and I had the happiness of being, occasionally, of some little use to him. How thankfully he accepted the smallest service the following note may serve to show:—

THE ORATORY, May 6, 1876.

DEAR MR. LILLY,—

Thank you very much for pointing out my mistake. I am in despair about freeing my volumes from gross blunders of a like kind. Yet I take the greatest pains to avoid them.

If you think it will do instead of the text, as it runs, print, "and which, even in modern times have their parallels, in the characteristic energy of Gustavus and Charles XII. of Sweden."

Your article* is very clever and amusing, but if I disagreed with you I should not find it persuasive.

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

In 1878 the long and stormy pontificate of Pius IX. came to a close. When Leo XIII. was elected to the apostolic chair it was felt by many of Dr. Newman's friends that the time had at last arrived when a strong effort should be made to obtain from the Holy See some worthy recognition of his splendid services to Christianity and Catholicism. It would be out of place here to enter upon a detailed account of what was done for this end. I may mention, however, that when the Duke of Norfolk visited Rome to recommend the matter to the favorable consideration of the pope, he found the Holy Father fully aware of Dr. Newman's high desert, and most graciously disposed towards him.† I should also mention that until an official communication from Rome, expressing the desire of the Sovereign Pontiff to confer a cardinal's hat upon Dr. Newman, reached the late Bishop of Birmingham, the illustrious man was in entire ignorance of the efforts which were being made on his behalf. He had never dreamed of so high an honor from "the greatest in the Christian world." And I was told by a common

* I do not at all recollect what the article was.

† I have it, on the best authority, that from the beginning of his pontificate Leo XIII. had thought of calling Dr. Newman to the Sacred College.

friend, who broke the news to him, that, for a time, he was quite overcome by it. But there was a difficulty. It is a rule — which has very rarely been relaxed — that cardinals, who are not diocesan bishops, must reside in Rome. That would have been impossible for Dr. Newman, on account of his delicate health and his advanced age. Upon this being represented to Leo XIII., he at once said, "Let Dr. Newman continue to dwell among his own people."

When the matter was practically settled, a general meeting of the Catholic Union voted a warm address of congratulation to the future cardinal, which, together with his formal reply — a very beautiful and pathetic document — appeared duly in the public prints. The letter which follows was written to me privately a few days before the date of that formal reply.

THE ORATORY, March 12, 1879.

MY DEAR LILLY, —

Hitherto I have been restrained, from the suspense I have been in, at not having received any official notice of the Holy Father's purpose towards me, but, through Cardinal Manning's kindness, I received yesterday a *personal* message from the pope, which is as good as anything official.

Also I wish to give a contradiction to any ideas that may be afloat as to any dissatisfaction on my part with any step taken by Cardinal Manning. He has been kind enough to go out of his way to write to me, and I wish every such report swept away for good and all.

Should you see Lord — or A —, or any one else, you may say so, if you think well.

And now, am I to answer the Address of the Catholic Union? And if so, what am I to say? I did not understand the suggestions in your letter of the 4th. Till now, I could not take for granted the words of the meeting of the Union that I had the offer of the Hat, nor did I know how to meet their silence as to my availing myself or not of the offer.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

It fell to me, as secretary of the Catholic Union, to administer a fund which had been raised for the cardinal designate, and of which the Duke of Norfolk and I were the trustees. In acknowledging a remittance which I sent to him, Dr. Newman gives a vivid picture of his serious illness in Rome, which had greatly alarmed us all.

48 Via Sestina, ROME.

May 10, 1879.

MY DEAR LILLY, —

I got Father Pope to tell you that the £500, which you so thoughtfully sent, has been received, because I am so tired myself.

I am pulled down by a bad cold, which I really think would go if the bad weather went; but I am necessarily a prisoner to my bedroom and to my bed, and cannot speak or write without an effort.

At Turin on Sunday I had to squeeze, kneeling at mass, against a man who had a very bad cough, and I said to myself, "What if I catch it?" As we went down to Genoa I said, "If I was at home, I know from my throat that something there would turn to a bad cold." When at Genoa I felt so uncomfortable that I said, "Let us rest at Pisa for two days," and so we did. Thence we got to Rome in a day, but by that time the cold and cough were fixed.

I have seldom had so bad a one. I have been a fortnight here, and have said just one mass, and been into one church — St. Peter's. Is not this melancholy? The Holy Father has been abundantly kind, inquiring after me every day. My public days begin on Monday, and it seems as if I should not be able to go out up to then!

There has been cold hail yesterday and today. I am much better, but very much pulled down. There is *no* fever on me; all I want is fine weather. The thought comes on me, that I cannot be well till I am back. But perhaps when I once well turn the corner, all will come right.

Georgi* has quite satisfied us. I suppose you made the bargain with him what was to be his pay.

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

A letter regarding an article of mine, entitled "Cardinal Newman," which appeared in this review in July, 1879, so well manifests the antique sincerity, the transparent candor of the writer, that I cannot persuade myself to withhold it from my readers, for it is most congruous with my present purpose.

THE ORATORY, July 8, 1879.

MY DEAR LILLY, —

Your article in the *Fortnightly*† about me has come to me this morning, and I thank you very much for it.

I thank you because it is written in a tone which I don't think will provoke a reaction of feeling in the public mind. I am truly grateful for the affectionate warmth of many of the addresses which have been made to me, and though I could not in my conscience accept them as just, and as the sober truth, still it delighted me to find that friends and bystanders think so well of me. Nevertheless, I have for several years felt that their language might provoke some Nemesis, and that I might fall again under the power of calumny and consequent disrepute, perhaps with the necessity of some dreary self-vindication. Now your

* The courier I engaged for him.

† It has since been embodied in chap. ii. of "Ancient Religion and Modern Thought."

article, though evidently the writing of a friend, is written with a sobriety which can irritate and repel no one.

Yours most sincerely,
JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The members of the Catholic Union were extremely anxious to have the cardinal among them, and the Council of the Union invited him to address a General Meeting in 1880. The next four letters are largely concerned with that invitation.

THE ORATORY, *January 1, 1880.*

MY DEAR LILLY, —

I feel the extreme kindness of your letter for St. John's Day,* and thank you for it with all my heart. All anniversaries and feasts are of a very solemn character to me now, and it is difficult to rejoice as one ought, considering how few there are still to come round.

As to the subject of your second letter, it is not easy to answer it. I am of course moved by the expression of the Catholic Union's wishes, but my first business is to finish the revision of my volumes, and the last year has been an *annus non* to me. Going to Rome broke all the principles, memories, traditions, rules, on which I was working, and my work will be sadly out of keeping with itself.† I was not able to begin again till about October, and, with all my efforts, it can never be what I had aimed at.

Next, I cannot now write off things when necessary, at a moment, and from the weakness of my body I cannot exert my mind as I once could. I am well, but not strong, and should soon knock up. I get so sleepy, as I am now.

I will not absolutely refuse the request of the Catholic Union, but I cannot accept it, as yet.

Yours most truly,
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

January 10, 1880.

MY DEAR LILLY, —

I am writing to the Duke of Norfolk a letter for the Catholic Union. It is very kind in you and him pressing me to lecture, but no one knows so well what I can do and what I can't as myself. It is with the greatest care only that I keep myself up to the mark. I am able to do so, thank God; but it requires close keeping to rules. People don't know this, they see me well, and go away and tell the world so. I *am* well, but they don't know that if I deviated from my groove I should not be well.

This remark applies to my going to London. I certainly mean to go if the Duke and London Catholics will have me still; but now that February is upon us I feel that I would rather go up in April than now. You ought to recollect that I am near eighty, and that it would

not be out of the ordinary if I were bedridden or dead. I must do what I can, not what I should prefer.

I have written to the Duke on the subject. The first point is to see what will suit *him*. He has many more engagements than I have. By way of naming a day I will say Monday, April 12, for going to him. When you have an opportunity see what he thinks of it.

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

P.S. — I wish you would put down on paper several subjects on which an address would be useful. Something might turn up.

I of course complied with the request contained in the postscript of the last letter, and the cardinal wrote : —

February 20, 1880.

MY DEAR LILLY, —

Thank you for your six subjects, which are good ones, but that does not make them possible. I will do something, if I can, but that is not certain yet. It is a great effort to exert my mind, and I have just had a bad fall.

I am very glad to have your and Lord Ripon's speeches.

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The cardinal did not choose from my six subjects, but gracefully put them all aside, in favor of one of his own.

March 29, 1880.

MY DEAR LILLY, —

All best blessings be on you and Mrs. Lilly this Eastertide. It is long since we have had so fine a one. So it is settled that I go up to the Duke on the 12th proximo. Father Norris goes to him to-morrow to settle various matters — *e.g.*, Where am I to hold my Receptions? The London Oratory asked to see me, but perhaps that is not the kind of thing they meant.

I hope to be ready with my short, unmeaning, tame address at the meeting of the Catholic Union on Wednesday the 14th. I am afraid no one will see the point of it, and therefore I can't get myself to tell any one the subject of it; for if people heard they would expect so much more than they will get.

Your six subjects are excellent ones, but I have not the gift of being able to take what I approve, and wish to take; some men have such resources, or such versatility and elasticity of mind that they discourse on any subject named to them. I am quite different. But it is not treating the Union well.

As to my strength just now, I think I shall be long before I regain it. A little thing knocks me up. But I trust I shall not show this much.

I suppose a formal letter like the enclosed should go to the Duke as President of the Catholic Union.

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

* His feast.

† Cardinal Newman is here speaking of the new edition of his *St. Athanasius*, upon which he was then engaged.

It is needless to say that Cardinal Newman's address was not unmeaning nor tame; nor was it specially short. I think it lasted about half an hour. It had all his old sweetness of expression, delicacy of touch, and depth of thought.

In November, 1880, a leading article in the *St. James's Gazette*, contained the statement that Cardinal Newman "has confined his defence of his own creed to the proposition that it is the only possible alternative to atheism." I thought it worth while to contradict this absurd misrepresentation in the following letter:—

To the Editor of the *St. James's Gazette*.

SIR,—I observe in your issue of this evening a statement against which I must beg your permission to protest in the strongest manner as a most serious, although I am quite sure, an unintentional, misrepresentation of my deeply venerated friend Cardinal Newman. The statement is that "he has confined his defence of his own creed to the proposition that it is the only possible alternative to atheism." It certainly is true that Cardinal Newman has said: "There is no medium, in true philosophy, between Atheism and Catholicism" (*Apologia*, p. 198, Third Edition); and it as certainly is not true that he confines his defence of his creed to this proposition. He expressly recognizes "the formal proofs on which the being of God rests" (they may be seen in any text-book of Catholic theology) as affording "irrefragable demonstration" (*Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, p. 262, Fourth Edition); but the great argument which comes home to him personally with supreme force is that derived from the witness of Conscience—"the aboriginal Vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas." The existence of God, "borne in upon him irresistibly" by the voice within, is "the great truth of which his whole being is full" (*Apologia*, p. 241). This is the point from which he starts. Conscience, the "great internal teacher," "nearer to us than any other means of knowledge," informs us (as he judges) that God is, "the special Attribute under which it brings Him before us, to which it subordinates all other Attributes, being that of justice—retributive justice." (*Grammar of Assent*, p. 385, Third Edition). "The sense of right and wrong" he considers to be "the first element" in natural religion (Letter to the Duke of Norfolk, p. 67, Fourth Edition). And Catholicism, which he regards as the sole form of Christianity historically or philosophically tenable, is for him the only possible complement of natural religion. I cannot venture to ask you to allow me space to do more than thus indicate the nature of the argument by which he ascends from his first to his final religious idea. I would refer those who would follow it step

by step to his "*Grammar of Assent*," "*Apologia*," and "*Discourses to Mixed Congregations*;" or, if a mere summary will suffice, to an article of my own in the *Fortnightly Review* of July, 1879.* Cardinal Newman's main defence—not his sole defence—of his creed amounts, then, to this: that religion is an integral part of our nature, and that Catholicism alone adequately fulfils the expectation of a revelation which natural religion raises. This may be a good or a bad defence; but, whether good or bad, it is very different from the nude proposition "that Catholicism is the only possible alternative to atheism." No one who knows John Henry Newman can be ignorant that the first fact about him is the unflinching courage with which throughout a long life, "in each hard instance tried," he has undeviatingly followed his convictions, wherever they might lead him; or can fail to resent it as something like a personal outrage that such a man should be represented as scared, or as scaring others, into Catholicism by the bogey of atheism.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

W. S. LILLY.

Cardinal Newman thanked me warmly for this letter, and did me the honor to adopt it and to reprint it in the fifth edition of his "*Grammar of Assent*." I was anxious that an explanation and vindication of his true position on the question of Catholicism and Atheism should be made by himself at greater length, and with the authority which would attach to anything proceeding from his own pen. I ventured to press the matter upon the cardinal the more earnestly, since the secret of the authorship of the *St. James's Gazette* article had leaked out, as such secrets are wont to do. I suggested to him that he should write a paper in this review. After fully weighing my suggestion he wrote to me as follows:—

February 17, 1881.

MY DEAR LILLY,—

I thank you for your zealous consideration for me, but it is unlike my ways, and repugnant to my feelings, to do what you recommend. My brain works too slowly and my hand too feebly to allow of my interfering, and I should but be interfering in the work of an abler controversialist—yourself. In such cases I have ever left a misunderstanding to Time, who, as the poet says

solves all doubt,

By bringing Truth, his glorious daughter, out.

The writer in *St. James's Gazette* ought to have known better, and you have answered him in the *Gazette*.

* The substance of this article has been incorporated in chap. ii. of "*Ancient Religion and Modern Thought*."

He came here years ago to ferret out my answer to his objections. What he said to me I did not consider said to me strictly in confidence, but, as a matter of delicacy, I so kept it; he, on the contrary, went away and misrepresented (I don't say intentionally) what I said to him. After hearing his arguments I had said to him: "It is no good our disputing; it is like a battle between a dog and a fish—we are in different elements," meaning what I have said at "Grammar of Assent," p. 416. He went away and told his friends that I had acknowledged that I had been unable to answer what he had said. This great misinterpretation of my words he has since thrown into the formula "his only defence of Catholicity is that atheism is its alternative." After this misstatement was brought home to me by the persons to whom he had made it, he proposed to come to me to have another conversation, and to ascertain whether I thought now "what I thought ten years ago," but I declined his proposal.

Yours most truly,
JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

I have already reached my proper limits, and have well-nigh exhausted my time. But there are still six letters which I should like to print.

June 27, 1882.

MY DEAR LILLY, —

I return with this letter your proof.*

The article is most singularly interesting and arresting.

I think you praise my "Arians" too highly; it was the first book I wrote, and the work of a year, and it is inexact in thought and incorrect in language. When at a comparatively late date I was led to re-publish it, I should have liked to mend it, but I found that if I attempted it would come to pieces, and I should have to write it over again.

In saying this, I have no intention of withdrawing from the substance of what you quote from me; † on the contrary, I hold it as strongly as I did fifty years ago when it was written; but I feel the many imperfections of the wording.

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

* I do not in the least recollect what this proof was.

† The following is the most significant portion of the passage in question, which is quoted in full at p. 189 of "Ancient Religion and Modern Thought": "If we would speak correctly, we must confess, on the authority of the Bible itself, that all knowledge of religion is from him, and not only that which the Bible has transmitted to us. There never was a time when God had not spoken to man, and told him to a certain extent his duty. . . . We are expressly told in the New Testament that at no time he left himself without witness in the world, and that in every nation he accepts those who fear and obey him. It would seem, then, that there is something true and divinely revealed in every religion all over the earth, overloaded as it may be, and at times even stifled by the impieties which the corrupt will and understanding of man have incorporated with it; so that Revelation, properly speaking, is an universal, not a local, gift."

THE ORATORY, December 7, 1882.

MY DEAR LILLY, —

I have read your proof with the greatest pleasure, and with entire assent. Certainly there is no opposition in the respective truths of science and theology, nor do I think that an apparent opposition can be maintained, or is, by the sceptics of the day. It is presumptuous in me to speak on a question of fact, considering I live out of the world, but I will say what strikes me.

First, we must grant—and it is difficult to determine how far we must go in granting—that both the Mosaic and Christian dispensations took the existing state of thought as it was, and only partially innovated on and corrected it. The instance of Divorce makes this plain as regards the Old Testament; as to the New, the first instance that occurs to me is St. Paul's simple recognition of married life in Bishops.

On a far larger scale is the absence of meddling with the social and secular world. God speaks "for the elect's sake." He leaves the popular astronomy as it was. Heaven is still above, and the powers of evil below. The sun rises and sets, and at His word stops or goes back, and the firmament opens. And so with social and political science: nothing is told us of economical laws, etc., etc. So from the first there has been a progress with laws of progress, to which theology has contributed little, and which now has a form and substance, powerful in itself, and independent of and far surpassing Christianity in its social aspect; for Christianity (socially considered) has a previous and more elementary office, being the binding principle of society.

This primary and special office of religion men of the world do not see, and they see only its poverty as a principle of secular progress, and, as disciples and upholders and servants of that great scientific progress, they look on religion and despise it. As the scientific parasite says in the play, "Ego illum contempsi prae me."

I consider then that it is not reason that is against us, but imagination. The mind, after having, to the utter neglect of the Gospels, lived in science, experiences, on coming back to Scripture, an utter strangeness in what it reads, which seems to it a better argument against Revelation than any formal proof from definite facts or logical statements. "Christianity is behind the age."

I have been unable to bring out my meaning as I should like, and am very dissatisfied with myself, but I feel what I have been insisting on very strongly.

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

December 13, 1882.

MY DEAR LILLY, —

I fear I cannot promise you to get up and remark upon Mills' argument, both because my day is so filled up, and because such subjects try my head now.

As to my "Assent," I thought and think it

to be an erroneous assumption, anything but self-evident, to say that order is causation.

I said too that, if we went by experience, as it is the fashion now to do, our initial and elementary experience would lead us to consider Will the great or only cause. I did not mean to dogmatize, for I am not a metaphysician, but as an inquirer or questioner, I have a right to demand proof from the other side, who *do* dogmatize.

I wrote as I did in my last letter because, though it is of first importance of course to show that there is no contradiction between scientific and religious truth, yet it was not there, I fancied, that the shoe pinched.

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

August 17, 1884.

MY DEAR LILLY, —

I rejoice to be told that your book* has in so very short a time come to a second edition, and I would send you a long letter about it were it not that I am obliged to write very slowly, which has this among other evils, that before I come to the second half of my sentence, I forget what I was going to say. I have always held that thought was instantaneous — that it takes no time — and now that doctrine is confirmed in me, when I want a subtle shorthand to record what otherwise, like a flash of lightning, goes as rapidly as it comes.

Your first chapter is as startling as it is new to me — and, unless you make too much of the man,† gives rise to dismal apprehensions, but I think nature and reason, to say nothing of grace, will prove too strong for his theories.

I have already spoken to you about Chapter II. By cutting a little here and there, and piecing them together, you have ingeniously made me write a sort of philosophical theory. I shall only be deeply rejoiced, if your attempt succeeds, of course, but time is the test of truth.

As a personal matter I must quite negative having been indebted to Kant or Coleridge. I never read a word of Kant. I never read a word of Coleridge. I was not even in possession of a single work of Coleridge's. I could say the same of Hurrell Froude, and also of Pusey and Keble, as far as I have a right to speak of others.

As to the three or four great Oriental religions, you have not satisfied me as to their transmission by trustworthy tradition from their founders.

What can be the instrument, what the guarantee, of trustworthy tradition, but a promise from above of infallibility? Would not, for instance, the Christian teaching of the first half of the Fifth Century have broken down but for the providential stumbling (*vide* Gibbon) of Theodosius's horse?

I did not observe you mentioned M. S. S.,

* Ancient Religion and Modern Thought.
† Schopenhauer.

except in the case of Zoroaster. How far go they back? As to Mahomet, what I think a real omission (and your *first*) — perhaps the fault is in my eyes — is, your not giving authorities for Mahomet's amiableness. Your account of his private life reminded me of Luther also. I think that not only should good authorities be given for the fact of the Mahometan ascetics and saints (lest weaker brethren should be scandalized), but two points should be considered: first, whether there is anything in the Koran to countenance such saintship (as there *is* in the Gospels and the Epistles of the New Testament), and secondly, whether the existing recognized and sanctioned *developments* of Mahomedism, especially its sensuality, were compatible with such teaching of the duty of purity, as to make a high standard of saintship congenial and possible to the genius of the religion.

If I did not know you were doing a good work I should not be so critical.

Very truly yours,

J. H. CARD. NEWMAN.

As you led me to write on Inspiration, I send you a copy of my *Postscript*.

May 15, 1886.

MY DEAR LILLY, —

Thank you for letting me see this.* It seems to me one of the best things you have written.

At the same time, I am not sure that you have sufficiently disengaged Liberalism from Liberty. Taking human nature as it is, how shall we *practically* separate the one from the other? Are we not obliged to look for some external calamity, physical, social, or political, such as the Deluge, or a rising of the masses, as doing for the human race what truth and reason, conscience and *σπουδή*, will not succeed in doing?

Yours very truly,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

MY DEAR LILLY, —

Pray pardon my silence. I have been wanting to write to tell with what great pleasure I have read your proof.† It is a remarkable result of Darwin's work. But the more I was pleased, the more I was frightened as you proceed to express your belief that the first men had tails. I think this temerarious. I can hardly write, my fingers are so weak. This is why I have written so little to you of late.

Most sincerely yours,

J. H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

This letter is undated. So is the last scrap of tremulous writing I ever had from him, and which, I think, must have reached me about a year ago.

* The remarks of mine on "Liberty," which the cardinal had before him, were published three years later in chap. ii. of "A Century of Revolution."

† The proof of chap. iii. of "A Century of Revolution." The chapter is called "The Revolution and Science."

I am too old to write; I cannot hold the pen.—J. H. N.

And now, on looking through what I have written since I heard of Cardinal Newman's death, I feel deeply how inadequate it is. But "in magnis, voluisse sat est." It is the best which is possible to me, and it must go to the printer just as it was set down, with all its imperfections on its head. What I have sought to do is to present some of the traits of my dear and venerated friend's moral and spiritual character, as it revealed itself to me. It may be said of him, as Vittoria Colonna said of Michael Angelo, that they who know only his works, know the least part of him. No doubt his works reflect faithfully his magnificent endowments. And the judgments which have been passed on him by the public prints during the week since his death, show how his countrymen delight to recognize them. Thus in one journal of name, he has been described as "a great theologian;" in another, as "a great philosopher;" in a third, as "a great historian." Unquestionably, there are good grounds for these descriptions of him. It is perfectly true that Cardinal Newman accomplished no great historical work. But he has given us a series of masterly sketches, which sufficiently exhibit his singular qualifications for the writing of history. Probably no man has ever been more accurately and minutely acquainted with the story of primitive Christianity. It was as the heir of the Church of the Fathers that the communion of Rome won his allegiance. He moved up and down among those far off centuries with supreme ease. St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, St. Athanasius and St. Basil, were his own familiar friends in whom he trusted, and he has left us some admirable delineations of those holy men and their times; grouping facts and persons with the skilful ease of a master in the pictorial art, bringing before us heroic or pathetic situations with rare dramatic power, entering as it were—such was his unique gift—into the very consciousness of those ancient saints, realizing all that was most personal and most inward there, thinking their thoughts, feeling their emotions, breathing upon their dry bones with the breath of life, and making them live before us. Had Cardinal Newman chosen to consecrate his high gifts to historical research, he might have given the world a monumental work, entitling him to rank with Thucydides, with Tacitus, with Gib-

bon, with Ranke. But he did not so choose. Nor again, has he left behind him any great contribution to scientific theology. Yet to the author of the "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," of the "Lectures on Justification"—which Dr. Döllinger, a very competent judge, was wont to call a little gem—must be conceded no small eminence as a divine. I have printed a letter in which he says, "I am not a metaphysician." In a sense, he was not. His acute and subtle intellect had never been devoted to the systematic study of metaphysics. Even in the scholastic philosophy he was not deeply read. Of the modern philosophical systems he knew extremely little, and that little at second hand. He had scanty sympathy with dry, hard thought. I cannot imagine him reading through Kantian "Critiques." But he divined, by the instinct of genius, some of the most important conclusions reached by the sage of Königsberg after long "voyaging through dark seas of thought alone." He felt deeply that in life, so complex, so contingent, so concrete, we have need of something deeper than ratiocination. He knew and realized as the first of truths that the one key to the great enigmas of being is personality. He held of the poets, and possessed that sense of higher insight which transcends formulas, and in the clear vision of the spirit *discerns*, not concludes. His soul was steeped in that eternal Platonism, to which the material is but the symbol of the ideal, the phenomenal of the noumenal, the visible of the unseen. But Cardinal Newman was something better than a great historian, a great philosopher, a great theologian. He was what the friend from whom I learnt of his departure called him, with woman's happy instinct; he was "a great spirit." No such profound and keen intellect has been known among Catholics since the days of Pascal; no such master of language since the days of Bossuet. Style is one of the best indexes to character, and in Cardinal Newman's "regal English"—to use Mr. Hutton's admirable phrase—we have a true revelation of his kingly intelligence. No other man, since the days of Shakespeare, has possessed his supreme dominion over our tongue. And he employed it in absolute fidelity to the law within; ever for him, through all that tract of years, "the rule and measure of duty." His rare moral and spiritual excellence command a veneration transcending even the homage due to his superb intellectual gifts. In him

we recognize one of those elect souls, "radiant with ardor divine," who as "beacons of hope" illuminate, from time to time, the path of "troubled and distressed mortality."

Through such souls alone
God stooping, shows sufficient of his light
For us, i' the dark, to rise by.

W. S. LILLY.

From Murray's Magazine.
MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MR. MORTIMER.

WHEN Lady Wetherby said her prayers—and this she did with unfailing regularity twice a day—she never forgot to return thanks for the extraordinary number of blessings which had been showered upon her all her life long. She had, it is true, lost her husband, and that had been a terrible grief to her; but time had caused the wound to heal over, and she had not the shadow of a doubt that she would meet him again in a future state of existence, and in the mean time she was very well contented to linger for a while upon the surface of this more or less agreeable planet. She had found her residence here below agreeable, as well she might; for she had good health, a large jointure, and children who had given her all the happiness that it is in the power of children to bestow upon a fond parent. If Wetherby had any vices, she was not aware of them, while Evelyn, though she had sometimes behaved in a way which had made her mother a little uneasy, now seemed quite inclined to do the right thing and marry Mr. Mortimer and take her place amongst the better class of young matrons.

Lady Wetherby, who was as good a woman as ever breathed, would not for the world have urged any daughter of hers to marry for the sake of wealth or position, but, other things being equal, a son-in-law who possesses both of these advantages is a son-in-law to be desired, and there were very few mothers in England who would not have deemed Mr. Mortimer desirable. He had large estates in several counties; he was a gentleman and a sportsman; he raced a little and hunted a good deal and shot pretty well; probably he would enter Parliament be-

fore he was much older. Nobody had a word to say against him, while very many people were loud in praising him; so that there was every reason to rejoice at the thought that he would shortly be coming to Torquay in his yacht and that he would come with a special and scarcely disguised purpose.

Lady Wetherby had no great fear but that he would succeed in that purpose. So far as she was aware, he was without a rival, and assuredly it would never have occurred to her to dread poor Willie Brett in that capacity. Indeed she was but seldom reminded of the young man after his departure, nor did she see very much of her neighbor and the friend of her youth. Evelyn did not get on with Mrs. Archdale, and when Evelyn did not get on with a person it was always the simplest plan to avoid asking that person to the house. So, although Marcia and Lady Wetherby remained upon the best of terms, their intercourse was confined to occasional drives into the country, during which the former discoursed chiefly upon the disenchantments of life, the latter listening in a good-humored, somnolent fashion and abstaining from contradiction when she found herself unable to agree.

All this time Willie had not only remembered Lady Evelyn, but was thinking about her through every hour of the long summer days. He had never been in love before, and now he had taken the disease in its severest form. He was not sanguine; he was sure that she did not care for him, he doubted whether she ever would, and he thought it extremely likely that she already cared for somebody else. Nevertheless, he would not for any earthly consideration have obliterated the memory of her from his mind or parted with the sweet sorrow which, as he was convinced, was destined to last him his life. It does not and cannot last. Love, like all the other passions and emotions which stir the surface of our shallow mortal nature, passes away; but young people do not know this and will not believe it when they are told, and in truth one would be very sorry if they did believe it. For the rest, it may be admitted that some men and women are far more constant than the general run.

Willie Brett might fairly claim to have established a character for fidelity. He had not been unfaithful as a lover, for the excellent reason that he had not hitherto been a lover at all; but he had been somewhat unusually faithful as a son, and he was now fully prepared to brave his un-

cle's displeasure for his mother's sake. If it was not entirely for her sake that he contemplated spending a month or six weeks in the watering-place where she was sojourning, yet he would cheerfully have done as much to please her, nor would he have been deterred from doing so by any fear of Sir George. He respectfully signified his determination to that powerful personage, promising that the latter portion of his leave should be passed at Blaydon and abstaining from any promise as to the future disposal of his private means; after which he had the comfort of feeling that he had done his duty all round and might legitimately employ his leisure in dreaming of the good time that was coming.

A very happy fellow he was when the longed-for day came at last, and he reached that beautiful and sunny town of villas which had the privilege of containing the two people whom he loved best on earth. One of them was ready to receive him with open arms. Perhaps she would have been less demonstrative had she believed in the existence of a rival; but, oddly enough, she had not detected what had been perfectly apparent to her husband, and had laughed the suggestions of that experienced observer to scorn. As one grows old one does not, as a rule, grow more credulous; yet one grows more willing to believe whatever one wishes to believe, and Marcia would not have been Marcia if she had not wished her son's heart to belong to her alone.

"It is such perfect happiness to have you with me again, Willie!" she exclaimed. "But I have never doubted you through all these long years; I always felt sure that you would come back to me some day."

One would have thought, to hear her, that it had been he who had separated himself from her, and it is not in the least impossible that she may have formed some confused impression to that effect. In any case, he did not quarrel with the terms in which she welcomed him, nor did his patience give way when she embarked upon a plaintive recital of her grievances. Torquay, she told him, was ineffably dull. Cecil did not find it so, because he was always playing whist at the club when he was not working by fits and starts at an unfinished picture; but she herself had no friends and no interests in the place. "However, it is comparatively cheap, so I suppose one ought not to grumble," she concluded, with a sigh.

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXII. 3694

"But you have Lady Wetherby; she is still here, isn't she?" asked Willie, for he was naturally anxious to ascertain that much.

"Oh, yes; Laura is still here; only she isn't much use, somehow. Laura is one of those people who have got everything that they can possibly want, and have sunk into a state of sleepy contentment which makes them rather uninteresting to associate with. Besides, she generally has friends or relations staying with her, so that we don't meet very often. Her daughter is a rude, disagreeable sort of girl, too."

That singularly inappreciative expression of opinion was all that Willie was able to obtain from his mother in the way of information about Lady Evelyn; but he was more successful with Flossie, who presently came in to tea, and who, after greeting him enthusiastically, led him out into the garden to show him the spot where she had interred the remains of a deceased canary. Flossie, it appeared, had made friends with Lady Evelyn and required but little encouragement to expatiate upon the young lady's charms.

"Is she going to marry Mr. Mortimer?" the child inquired. "Everybody says she is. You know Mr. Mortimer, don't you? He has come here in his yacht, and he told me he would take me out sailing some day, but he hasn't done it yet."

"I used to know him when we were boys," answered poor Willie, with a sinking sensation about the region of the heart; "I have never seen him since. I suppose he is as good-looking as ever?"

Flossie made a grimace. "Oh, I don't know. He isn't bad; but he isn't half good enough for Lady Evelyn. I should like *you* to marry her," this impartial looker-on continued, with engaging candor. "Do you flirt with her? Papa says you do, and then mamma gets quite red and says 'Stuff and nonsense!'"

"Mamma is right," replied Willie gravely; "I have never flirted with Lady Evelyn Foljambe and I have never had the chance. Is she — er — given to flirting?"

But to this insidious question Flossie could make no satisfactory response. Was flirting wrong? If it was, Lady Evelyn certainly didn't do it. She seemed to like Mr. Mortimer, though; and that was a pity, because Mr. Mortimer was "not nearly as nice as you are."

All this was not very reassuring, and the worst of it was that Flossie's statements were fully corroborated by Mr.

Archdale, who came in from the club just before dinner, and who professed himself greatly pleased by the arrival of his guest. It was not until the two men were smoking together in the evening that he broached the subject to which Willie had more than once tried ineffectually to lead up; but when he did so he was as explicit as could have been desired.

"I am sorry to tell you, my dear fellow," said he, "that your nose has been put out of joint. I saw that you were smitten with the fair Lady Evelyn when you were down here last—you needn't blush, there's nothing to be ashamed of in that—so my heart quite bled for you when I found that another was destined to bear away the prize. If I were in your place, I dare say I should try to cut out Mr. Mortimer, for the fun of the thing; but the chances are that you wouldn't succeed, and if you did succeed you would undoubtedly regret it afterwards. People who marry always do regret it afterwards. All the same, she is an uncommonly pretty girl."

"Is Lady Evelyn engaged to Mortimer?" Willie asked, in a voice which he could not contrive to keep steady.

"Well, no; I believe not. But she is going to be. It's a first-rate match, you see. You yourself are not to be sneezed at; but, saving your presence, Mortimer is a cut above you. There's a vast difference between expectation and possession, not to mention his aristocratic connections."

Now it was evidently out of the question to discuss such a topic any further with a man who regarded it in that vulgar light. Willie disclaimed any intention of pitting himself against Mr. Mortimer and began to talk about something else. Nevertheless, he walked over to Lady Wetherby's villa on the following morning, though he knew that he was doing an unusual and unceremonious thing by calling before luncheon. When it comes to be a question of life or death, or of life-long misery or happiness, use and ceremonial must needs be disregarded.

Not, of course, that he was so insane as to think of hinting to Lady Wetherby at the motives which had prompted this matutinal visit. He found her in the drawing-room, writing letters, and she was so kind as to say that he did not interrupt her at all, and he duly discoursed upon topics which did not possess the slightest interest for either of them during fully five minutes before he made so bold as to inquire after Lady Evelyn.

"Oh, she is quite well, thank you," an-

swered Lady Wetherby. "I believe she is sitting out on the verandah with Mr. Mortimer. Perhaps you may have heard their voices."

Willie thought he had—indeed he was quite sure that he had, and he was not very reluctant to comply with a suggestion which his good-natured hostess presently put forward.

"I don't want to send you away," said she; "but I really must finish these tiresome letters before luncheon. Won't you stay and lunch with us? And I dare say you would be better amused in the mean time if you were to go out and join the young people."

So he stepped out through the open window, and in another moment the meeting which he had pictured to himself a hundred times as taking place after a hundred different fashions was over. It is scarcely necessary to add that he did not behave in the least as he had intended to behave, and that if Lady Evelyn Foljambe had been the most casual of acquaintances he could not have greeted her more formally. She said she was so glad that he had made up his mind to give poor Torquay a second trial, and then she introduced him to Mr. Mortimer.

"Only you don't need to be introduced to one another, do you?" she asked.

"Rather not!" responded Mr. Mortimer, as he rose from the chair in which he had been reclining. He was a well-proportioned young man, with light brown hair which would have curled crisply if he had allowed it to grow long enough; he had bright blue eyes and a straight nose, and his slight moustache did not conceal the perfect curve of his lips; so that altogether it would have been quite absurd for any rival to deny him the advantages which belong to a prepossessing exterior.

"This is a rare piece of good luck, Brett," said he; "I've often wondered what had become of you, and I've asked heaps of fellows; but nobody knew anything more than that you had gone into the army. I say, do you remember our both getting nailed up at Windsor fair? I was swished and you weren't, which I thought hard lines at the time, and I think so still."

"Not a bit," answered Willie. "I could plead 'first fault' and you couldn't; that was how it happened."

Well, it was impossible to resist the friendly overtures of an old schoolfellow who could appeal to such reminiscences; added to which, Willie felt that he had no

right in the world to quarrel with any man for being more highly favored by fortune than he himself was. In manhood, as in boyhood, contests may be amicable, and a gentleman should always be ready to say "*Detur digniori*," however bitter may be the pangs of defeat. Therefore, since Lady Evelyn was so obliging as to second her mother's invitation, and since Mortimer had a vast stock of incidents relating to old Eton days to refer to and chuckle over, Willie consented to remain where he was, nor had he any reason to repent of his decision. For it really did not seem to him that Lady Evelyn and Mortimer conducted themselves at all like a pair of lovers, though he kept an anxious watch upon them both before luncheon and during that meal. Mortimer, it was true, appeared to admire her (small blame to him) and was in a certain sense attentive to her; but they did not, so far as Willie could discover, exchange any stolen or significant glances, nor did they manifest the slightest desire to rid themselves of the company of third persons. On the contrary, they both entreated him to come on board the yacht on the following day and sail round to Dartmouth. To be sure, Lady Evelyn rather robbed this invitation of its flattering character by adding: "It will be an act of real kindness to mamma if you will come. Her duty as a mother and a chaperon compels her to brave the perils of the deep with us; but she hates the whole thing, and she will feel ever so much happier if she is provided with a companion in misfortune."

But if that sounded a little like an intimation that he was valued rather for purposes of general utility than for his own sake, the same objection could not be brought against a proposal which Mortimer broached as soon as they had left the dining-room.

"How are you going to get through the afternoon, Brett?" he asked. "You haven't an idea, of course; it's impossible that you should in a place like this. Well, now, I'll tell you what you shall do. You shall come out to Babbacombe Down with me and we'll play golf. Did you ever play golf before?"

Willie shook his head. "I've seen it played once or twice," he answered. "It didn't look to me to be much of a game."

"That's all you know about it! However, for the sake of argument, we'll call it a poor game if you like. Even so, it's exercise, and any game is better than lolling in a garden-chair and staring at the view, isn't it?"

Willie was of opinion that that depended very much upon the question of who might chance to be sitting in the neighborhood of the garden-chair; but he was gratified to hear so frank a confession of his friend's tastes, and when Lady Evelyn announced that she would drive her pony-cart as far as the downs later in the afternoon for the purpose of seeing how the players got on, he was able to say with perfect honesty that he would like very much to try his hand at golf. Given such conditions as were offered to him, he would have liked very much to try his hand at marbles. Lady Wetherby, it appeared, did not deem her duty as a mother and a chaperon compelled her to accompany her daughter on this occasion, for she observed that she was going to pay a round of calls.

"And I think," she added, "I will end by looking in upon your mother and telling her that you are in safe custody. Otherwise she may take it into her head that you have fallen over one of the cliffs."

"Well, then, that's all settled," said Mortimer, who seemed to have a good-humored matter-of-course way of settling things in accordance with his personal wishes. "Come on, Brett, we shall have to look sharp if we want to finish before dark."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LADY EVELYN BACKS THE WINNER.

WHAT makes the average upper-class Englishman so much happier, healthier, wiser, and more serviceable than his compeers of other nations (and nobody, it is to be hoped, will have the perversity to deny that he is all of these things) is, without doubt, his inherited and invincible love for sports and pastimes. It may seem a little hard upon those whose avocations debar them from hunting, rowing, cricketing, and playing football, or whose tastes do not incline them thereto, that they should deteriorate physically and mentally, by reason of their disabilities; but many natural laws seem hard, and the most superficial observers cannot fail to perceive that people who lead a sedentary life do deteriorate. Nevertheless, rowing is a pursuit which usually has to be abandoned before youth is well past, and football is a game for boys rather than for men, and middle-aged cricketers are seldom of much use; so that a man may very well be still full of vigor and yet not know how to provide his body with the exercise

which it requires, unless he has learnt to play golf.

Not many years ago, all golfers who dwelt south of the Tweed were compelled, when speaking of their favorite relaxation, to take up an apologetic tone; they had to explain with humility, and with the chilling certainty of being disbelieved, that an immense amount of experience, dexterity, and self-command are requisite in order to make sure of hitting a little ball across five hundred yards of broken ground and depositing it in a small hole in four or five strokes; but now that golf-links have been established all over England, there is no longer any need to make excuses for one of the finest games that human ingenuity or the accident of circumstances have ever called into existence. The theory of the game is simplicity itself—you have only got to put your ball into a hole in one or more strokes less than your opponent—but the practice is full of difficulty, and what is better still, full of endless variety; so that you may go on playing golf daily, from the age of eight to that of eighty, and yet never grow tired of it. Indeed, the circumstance that grey-haired enthusiasts are to be seen enjoying themselves thoroughly, and losing their temper ludicrously wherever the "royal and ancient" sport has taken root has caused certain ignorant persons to describe golf contemptuously as an old gentleman's game. Such criticisms, however, only come from those who have not attempted to acquire the art; and some of us have good reasons for holding that a game which need not be abandoned with advancing years is quite the right sort of game.

Golf-links, of course, differ even more widely than cricket-grounds; it is not everywhere that one can obtain such a noble stretch of the peculiar description of land required as at St. Andrew's or Westward Ho! and the Torquay Golf Club is but a modest association which has never achieved notoriety.

"You mustn't expect anything great," Mr. Mortimer warned his companion, while they were walking out towards Babacombe together; "the greens are very fair, and there are some pretty little hazards; but it isn't a course for long drivers."

"I'm quite sure that it wouldn't be the course for me if it were," answered Willie, laughing. "I shall miss the ball altogether at first, shan't I?"

"Yes, very likely; but you'll soon get into the knack of it. I'm not much of a

performer myself, you know; only I've played a little in Scotland, and as I foresaw that I should be at Torquay for several weeks, off and on, I thought I had better try to keep myself in condition by joining the Golf Club. If I give you a stroke a hole, you ought to be able to make a match of it. A stroke is pretty heavy odds to allow with short distances like these, mind you. However, we'll see how things go, and if it isn't enough I can give you more."

Willie, who, to tell the truth, was a good deal more interested in his friend's incidental admission that he meant to remain where he was for several weeks, than in the fairness of the proposed handicap, asked whether Torquay was a good place for yachts to lie. But Mortimer had come out to play golf, not to discuss his personal plans and proceedings.

"No; beastly," he answered briefly; "one wouldn't think of stopping here if one hadn't friends in the place. Now, I'll tell you what it is, Brett; there are a hundred things that you ought to bear in mind every time that you get into position for a drive; but the only important thing is to hit the ball clean, and you had better start by doing that the best way that you can. Keep your eye dead upon it, let the club swing back slowly, and don't attempt to swipe. Stick to these rules and you'll probably astonish yourself."

Golfers will perceive that this Mentor was not without glimmerings of science; for of course there can be no sounder advice than to hit the ball clean, just as there can be no sounder advice than to shoot a pheasant in the head instead of in the tail, and novices are less confused by being told what they ought to do than by being instructed as to the best means of doing it. Still, when they had reached the little club-house, and when Willie had been supplied with the necessary equipment of driver, brassy, iron, short spoon, cleek, and putter, as well as with a boy to carry these implements for him, he had naturally but a hazy idea as to the method of their employment. Mortimer led him up to the down, indicated the whereabouts of the first hole (which was invisible from the starting-point) and told him to "go straight for it." The result was that he made a short, sharp, cricketing sort of stroke, thumped the ground hard and sent his ball about ten yards in the required direction.

"That's what everybody does at first," remarked Mortimer placidly. "I'll just show you the way to drive."

Now, Mortimer, who had not learnt golf as a boy, and consequently had no chance of ever becoming a player, had acquired a totally unorthodox style which, nevertheless, proved telling about once in three times, and which therefore gave him far too high an opinion of himself. On this occasion he hit the ball fairly, although he had no business to do so, and thus he not only swept it away out of sight, but buried it beneath a stone wall which intervened between the strikers and the hole. As, however, he did not know what a misfortune had overtaken him, he was proportionately complacent.

"That's about the right line," he remarked. "Now you'll have to play again. In the ordinary course of things you would be playing the 'odd,' but as I'm giving you a stroke, you only play 'the like.' The ball isn't lying particularly well, so you had better take your cleek. Hit as hard as you like; you won't go too far."

A cleek is a weapon with a comparatively short shaft and a polished steel head; it is more frequently made use of by beginners than by experts. Willie, obediently following the advice that had been given him, put his whole strength into his next stroke, and, notwithstanding that, as before, he wasted a large proportion of this upon mother earth, he was so far successful as to get well under his ball, which he sent some hundred yards on its way.

"That will do very well," said Mortimer approvingly. "If you can only manage to play your iron, your next stroke ought to land you on the green."

It is not every mature golfer who can make sure of playing his lofting-iron, which is the most difficult of all the clubs to use effectively; but nothing gives such confidence as complete ignorance, and Willie, having been told what he ought to do, performed the unexpected feat of doing it—so that his quick wrist-stroke lifted the ball high into the air and deposited it close to the fluttering white flag which marked the hole.

Mortimer only said, "By Jove!" But he used more forcible language than that when his own ball was discovered, wedged in between two stones of the wall which they now approached. He said that sort of thing was very hard lines and showed the nasty, tricky nature of the course over which they were playing. "As fair a drive as I ever made in my life—and then to get punished in this way! I don't mind legitimate difficulties; but really it's

too bad to have hazards that no human being can get out of. Of course that gives you the hole; because the only thing I can do is to lift and lose two strokes."

The hole was not necessarily lost yet; but perhaps his annoyance caused him to lose it, for, after lifting his ball and aiming at it somewhat carelessly, he sent it back to very much the same place from which it had been taken. After that, he observed that it was not worth while to try again, and explained that his antagonist had won the first hole by sheer good luck.

But his ruffled equanimity was restored after he had taken the second hole with perfect ease. This, being placed on the summit of a hill, beyond another wall and a clump of gorse-bushes, demanded a lofting stroke, which he delivered accurately, whereas Willie came to hopeless grief in the gorse and had played "six more" before he extricated himself.

Indeed, as the game proceeded, our hero began to feel that respect for it which the realization of genuine difficulty always commands. He did not do by any means badly, for failure did not exasperate him as it exasperates short-tempered men, and his eye and hand were accustomed to work together; but he soon perceived that he was no match for Mortimer, who made plenty of mistakes, but whose blunders were less disastrous than his own, and who had, besides, the advantage of being acquainted with the ground. To be sure, he did not very much care whether he won or lost. What he cared about a great deal more was to ascertain the true position of affairs as regarded this old schoolfellow of his and Lady Evelyn Foljambe; and golf, fortunately, is not a game which precludes intermittent conversation. While they were walking along, side by side, between the strokes, he learnt that Mortimer thought both Lady Wetherby and Lady Evelyn "awfully nice people," that he had become intimate with them during the preceding London season, that he was only at Torquay for the purpose of being near them, and that he was in the habit of seeing them every day. More than this no lover could be expected to reveal, and if the information thus frankly imparted was not wholly acceptable to Willie, neither was it wholly the reverse, since it seemed to leave a loophole for hope. Was it not possible, after all, that this impending engagement might, as Archdale had hinted, be of Lady Wetherby's contriving and that neither of the young people were particularly keen about it? At any rate, it struck him as significant that his com-

panion should be apparently unmoved by a circumstance which was beginning to cause him some personal disquietude.

"Do you think Lady Evelyn can have missed her way?" he asked at length; for they had now finished the first round, which consists of nine holes.

"Oh, she knows the way well enough," answered the other unconcernedly; "she'll turn up before long, I expect. At least, if she doesn't it'll be because she has thought of something more amusing to do. Now, Brett, you must pull yourself together; you're four holes down, and you can't afford to lose many more."

In spite of this warning, Willie lost the next hole by what looked very like downright carelessness. The game upon which he was engaged might possess all the intrinsic merits under the sun; but it was not possible for him to give his whole mind to it after having been threatened with such a disappointment, nor did he feel that his spirits would be very much lowered by the most ignominious of defeats. But before he could give further cause for just offence to his opponent (because nothing is so provoking as to play any game with a man who does not care to win it), the slim figure of a young lady, clad in a plain costume of brown cloth, was seen approaching over the brow of the hill, and that pleasing spectacle put quite another complexion upon the state of affairs. For although Willie did not mind being beaten, he naturally did not wish to make a ridiculous exhibition of himself under the eyes of the young lady in question.

Unfortunately, that was just what he proceeded to do, notwithstanding—or more probably in consequence of—his determination to play his very best. Lady Evelyn drew near, but did not open her lips, knowing better than to speak to a player on his stroke, while Willie swung his club well back over his shoulder and delivered what would doubtless have been a fine drive if he had not inadvertently taken his eye off the ball at the last moment. The sad consequence of that fatal error was that his club swished harmlessly through the air, without touching anything, and that Mortimer burst into a shout of laughter, in which Lady Evelyn joined.

"Missing the globe" at golf may be likened to "catching a crab" in rowing. Either misfortune may, and sometimes does, happen to veterans and is inevitable in the case of novices; but under no circumstances can the spectator of such calamities refrain from merriment.

Still, a man who is worth anything at all can always stand being laughed at, and Willie submitted with outward composure to the ridicule which he had earned. In his next effort he was a little, but only a little, more successful. This time he hit his ball as hard as could have been wished; only, as he did not hit it quite in the right place, it skimmed along the ground, instead of rising into the air, and ended its career by striking a loose fragment of rock, from which it rebounded. What was additionally vexatious was that Mortimer took this opportunity to make the best stroke that he had made that afternoon, his ball soaring gracefully over stones, gorse-bushes and all other obstacles, and bounding on to the very verge of the hole. Lady Evelyn applauded, as in duty bound; yet it seemed that her sympathies were where the sympathies of all true women ought to be—with the weaker side.

"Never mind," said she to Willie in a low voice; "he won't do that again for some time, you may be sure. Take it quite easy and you'll beat him yet. How many holes is he up?"

"Six, I'm afraid," answered Willie ruefully. "He was five up just now, and of course he must take this one."

It certainly looked as though he must; but every one who has instructed or watched beginners at golf, is aware that they occasionally perform miracles. To put the ball into the hole with a lofting-iron at a distance of over sixty yards is unquestionably a miraculous feat for a beginner, and how Willie achieved it he, for one, had not the most remote idea. Such as his stroke was, however, it gave him the hole; for, since he was in in three and was receiving a stroke, his antagonist could do no more than halve it, and this Mortimer failed to do by making a short, angry "putt" which missed its aim.

"Well!" exclaimed the latter, as he walked away, "of all the outrageous flukes that ever I saw in my life——"

"It *was* an awful fluke, I must admit," said Willie apologetically.

But Lady Evelyn would not allow that it had been any such thing. "You played for the hole, I suppose, didn't you?" she asked. "You meant to go as near it as you could? Very well then; you did what you intended to do by magnificent play. I always understood that fluking meant doing something which you never intended to do."

Now, whether this definition of fluking

was or was not strictly accurate, it showed the bias of the speaker after a fashion which Willie could not but find encouraging, and indeed she presently declared in so many words that she wanted him to win.

"I am sure," said she, "that you are one of those people who are apt to fail through excess of modesty. Mr. Mortimer doesn't suffer from that disadvantage."

Mr. Mortimer just then suffered under the disadvantage of having driven his ball a long way off the line. He consequently had to walk after it, and thus opportunity was afforded to Lady Evelyn to say a few more words about him. He was wonderfully little spoilt by prosperity, she was pleased to remark. He could not fairly be called conceited, although he was upon pretty good terms with himself, and he bore chaff very good-humoredly. At the same time, he was rather too prone to take it for granted that every wish of his must needs be gratified; so that his soul's welfare was likely to be promoted by such occasional surprises as the loss of a game of golf.

"Did he look to see whether you were wearing that bracelet when he came?" asked Willie, glancing involuntarily at his neighbor's wrist.

She laughed. "Yes; and he was much astonished at not discovering it in its proper place. However, thanks to you, I didn't have to confess that it was at the bottom of the sea. I told him that it was safely locked up somewhere or other and that I sometimes wore it."

"I thought it was the peculiarity of *bracelets de bonheur* that they were to be *always* worn," said Willie.

"So did he, but I undeceived him. The theory is that you part with your happiness when you take off the bracelet; only as I have proved by experience that that isn't the case, I feel myself in a position to snap my fingers at theories."

This was pleasant hearing for Willie, who grew irrationally light-hearted after listening to several more speeches of a like nature, and who played carefully and tolerably well when it was borne in upon him that Lady Evelyn sincerely wished him to succeed. If there were any ground for hope that as large a proportion as one per cent. of those who will do this modest narrative the honor to peruse it would take an intelligent interest in the details of a golf-match, these should be recorded as fully as they deserve to be; but since, unhappily, British public opinion cannot

yet be considered to be ripe for the appreciation of such particulars, it is perhaps best to state merely the bald fact that the combatants were all even when only three holes remained to be played. That that was an exciting state of things anybody will understand and believe.

The first of these Mortimer won easily enough. Possibly Willie was unlucky, as Lady Evelyn averred that he was, in hitting a ball clean over the cliff into the sea; but a perfectly unprejudiced person might have said that he had no business to aim in the wrong direction. Anyhow, the consequence was that he was one down, with two to play; and now he had to retrieve his fortunes as best he might.

"This," observed Mortimer, as he placed himself in position for a fresh start, "is a longish carry. I shall go for it; but if you'll take my advice, Brett, you won't attempt it. Your best plan will be to bear away to the left and try to get over in your second."

What he meant was that about a hundred and twenty yards ahead of them was a wall, close to which grew a tangled mass of brambles, and that any player who failed to clear that wall might count with some certainty upon involving himself in irremediable grief. It was his fate to illustrate and exemplify the value of his counsel; for, notwithstanding the strength that he put into his stroke, he did not give it quite sufficient elevation, and his ball dropped dead into the worst part of the hazard which it had been his design to surmount. After that, it was clearly his opponent's duty to play a cautious game; but Lady Evelyn, who was guided by feminine impetuosity and had no sound, golfing instincts, would not permit him to show the white feather.

"Don't be afraid," she said; "be a man or a mouse! I'm sure you can easily send a ball twice as far as that."

Without feeling by any means the same confidence in his capacity, Willie could not refuse to obey instructions conveyed in those terms. He aimed for the distant wall, hoping against hope that fortune might aid him; and then, by pure accident, occurred one of those wonders which do occasionally reward the courage of the inexperienced. He had long arms; he took the full swing which amateurs, as a general rule, are compelled regretfully to abandon; he hit his ball exactly where he ought to have hit it and sent it whistling through space beyond wall and brambles and all other obstacles that intervened between it and its goal.

"Didn't I tell you so?" exclaimed Lady Evelyn, clapping her hands.

Well, there was no playing against that kind of thing. Mortimer got out of his trouble as well as could have been expected, but lost two strokes in the process and was unable to make up for lost ground by subsequent good play. So the last hole became the deciding one, and, under the circumstances, it was not surprising that both players started for it with perceptible nervousness. Both of them were over careful and both encountered difficulties which might have been avoided with a little more audacity. Both, however, reached the putting-green with the expenditure of an equal number of strokes, whereupon Mortimer, drawing in his breath, made a bold stroke and holed out. Willie, therefore, had two for the half and one for the match. He was fully-fifteen yards from the hole; it was unlikely that he would be able to put his ball in, and there was great danger of overrunning it. The bystanders remained silent and motionless; only a slight smile curved Mortimer's lips. Willie took plenty of time to think about it, and then delivered his stroke. The ball rolled along the ground, straight enough, but very slowly—surely too slowly! It reached the very brink of the hole, paused for the fraction of a second, then turned over once more and dropped in.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Lady Evelyn delightedly. "I am so glad you have won! You couldn't possibly have played that better."

Mortimer may be excused if he could not conscientiously echo the above assertion; for of course a putt which one stiff blade of grass might have diverted was not really a good putt. But he took his beating in excellent part and said he would have his revenge another day.

"Meanwhile, you are coming to Dartmouth with us to-morrow, aren't you, Brett?" he asked. "Be down at the harbor about eleven o'clock and you'll find the gig waiting for you at the steps. Now, Lady Evelyn, if you were disposed to be very kind, you would offer me a lift home in your pony-trap. It won't hold more than one extra person, I'm afraid; but I ordered a fly for you, Brett."

Somehow or other, Willie half expected Lady Evelyn to put her veto upon this unceremonious arrangement; but she did not appear to resent it. They walked down to the road, where the little two-wheeled vehicle and the fly were waiting,

and Mortimer jumped into the former without more ado.

"To-morrow morning, then," she said, smiling and nodding over her shoulder at Willie, as she gathered up the reins and drove off at a brisk pace.

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ROME AND THE ROMANS.

UPON first acquaintance, Rome is now like any other large European capital. You thunder into a great, vaulted railway station, lighted by electricity, skirmish with the two or three porters who pester you with their attentions, give up your ticket, assure the civic customs officers that you have neither eggs nor butter in your portmanteau, resign yourself and your luggage to the tender mercies of a carman, and drive through a number of long streets bordered by tall houses and attractive shops. Here and there you see a fountain; if it is night, the water scintillates pallidly under the glow of more electric light; if it is day, men and boys sit with their legs dangling about it. Full-lunged urchins din you with entreaties to buy their newspapers—the *Tribune*, the *Voice of Truth*, *Don Quixote*, and so forth. The stiff springs of your car, and the rough paving-stones of the streets, do not lull you into a state of tranquil beatitude such as would befit your entrance into so immortal a city. The crowd thickens; the streets get narrower and narrower, and the houses taller and taller. There is an increasing number of mammoth erections set among the shops, with barred lower windows, and portals as Titanic as the stones of which they are constructed. In England we should regard them as prisons, notwithstanding the scarlet camellias in the gardens beyond their portals. Here they are palaces, and the grandiose old gentlemen with broad shoulders, patriarchal beards, cocked hats, liveries of sky-blue or claret color, and long staves with a knob of gold or silver at the top, and who stand gazing from the palatial precincts upon the passers-by with a calmness that would be contemptuous if it were less statuesque—these are merely the door-keepers of the Roman nobility. From such mansioned streets you pass into others of a more plebeian kind; and so at length you are brought up, with a resounding crack of the whip, at the porch of your hotel, in the heart of Rome. Def-

erential murmurs and bent heads are the agreeable but somewhat ordinary tokens by which the hotel signifies its welcome to you.

No incident of Roman life need nowadays interfere with the pleasure or the ease of the resident in Rome. Whether there be or there be not a pope in the Vatican, it may be all one to him; he will be under none of those queer and troublesome restrictions that formerly oppressed the faithful city during the interval between the death of one pope and the election of his successor. The gates of the city were then shut an hour after sun-down. Under a penalty of fifty crowns, every one was obliged to burn candles at his bedroom window through the night, and continue this futile sacrifice of tallow until the new pope was chosen. Barriers were erected here and there in the streets leading to the Vatican, and none could be passed upon any pretext, except by special permission of the papal chamberlain and the chief of the police. As a yet more portentous touch, the artillerymen of St. Angelo at such a time stood, with lifted brands in their hands, by the side of loaded guns, the muzzles of which were turned point blank against the city on the other side of the Tiber. Even assuming, as one well may, that there was more cry than possibility of wool in such demonstrations, they were yet famously adapted to alarm the nervous, and send them in hasty flight elsewhere.

Instead of the homage of an entire city to its spiritual and temporal head, nowadays the Roman walls teem with ribald pencillings about the world's primate. The very pillars of the famous colonnade by St. Peter's testify of the change. "Down with the pope!" "The priests to the Tiber!" are specimens of the milder and more polite kind of these vituperatory scrawls. Every morning and every night the newspapers lavish some new form of abuse upon his Holiness; it may be a paragraph of two lines, with a sting in each word, or a more sounding diatribe a column or two long. The papal journals respond with equal bitterness. It is profoundly unedifying, and one wonders how it will end. If the Vatican be transplanted root and branch to London, the Roman press will be much at a loss; and any less emphatic migration will fail to protect the pope.

A hundred years ago, the civilian in Rome who was not a noble was treated with stereotyped indignity. No matter whether he was lawyer, doctor, professor,

schoolmaster, or a citizen of means — if he did not clothe himself in the long coat of an abbé, he was good for nothing except to be taxed. If he could afford to ride in a carriage, he was compelled to paint it black. This is a sample of the humiliations which the old papacy put upon the middle ranks of men; it feared their intelligence, and so it persecuted them. But the tables have turned. The most virulent of the Vatican's enemies are now to be found among this very class of doctors and lawyers and professors whose grandsires bowed to the ecclesiastical yoke. And in these days it is the cardinals who drive through the streets in black coaches, drawn by black, long-tailed horses, seeking what solace they may find in the elegant little illuminated breviaries the leaves of which they turn with their jewelled fingers as they jostle amid the throngs which cast spleenful eyes at them. It may be doubted if even the pleb. of Rome (always the pope's strongest and steadiest card) would, in these days, follow placidly, as of yore, in the wake of those ancient gilded carriages of the cardinals which were wont, during Conclave time, solemnly to transport their Eminences' dinners to the Vatican; and would, in their hungry moments, be satisfied to smell the steam that escaped from the damask-covered baskets which held the savory dainties.

One's earliest impressions of Rome are confessedly somewhat flat. It is necessary to roam at large in the old city for a week or two before one can in any degree appreciate its allurements. The endless blocks of gigantic white houses which now cover so much of the historic soil, and absorb so many pleasant antiquarian relics that to our grandsires were objects of pilgrimage and reverence, are a plague to the eyes and like ice to the imagination. It really seems as if the speculative builders of King Humbert's reign have determined to make a clean sweep of all the immortal ruins of the capital. One would hardly be surprised if a motion were introduced into the Italian Parliament for permission to quarry in the Colosseum once more. Even as building material, the ruin is still worth a fortune. There are many reasons for its removal. It would aid the national budget to some extent; it would take away the outward and visible sign of what was once a scandal upon humanity; and it would leave another acre or two of land available for sale on behalf of the nation as "excellent building sites in a convenient part of the

city, in constant communication, by train and omnibus, with all the chief gates and thoroughfares."

The absurd thing about this building mania is that the houses fast being "perched upon all these great relics of old time, like a mushroom on a dead oak," find no tenants. The population of Rome has certainly swelled amazingly since Victor Emanuel's day; but the city itself has enlarged upon a scale yet vaster. And so there they stand, these huge, empty hives for the men and women of a future generation! One is almost comforted by the reflection that the financiers who put their money in such miserable ventures have come face to face with ruin as a result of their audacity.

By-and-by, however, one sees through this pretentious modern mantle of Rome. At the outset, perhaps, we clap

Our hands, and cry "Eureka," it is clear, When but some false mirage of ruin rises near;

for example, the skeleton of a house which the destroying masons have left standing cheek-by-jowl with a bit of a wall of the time of Cato. But soon we learn how to thread the maze, and then, slowly, piece by piece, one is able to reconstruct the Rome of the past with some contentment to the fancy. It is mortally hard to discover where each of the seven famous hills begins and ends; the houses are so high, and the hills so low, and the valleys between them have been so tampered with by subterranean forces and the depositors of urban rubbish; yet that too is possible after a time; and then the glamor of past ages sets its fascination upon the scene.

Let us see lightly how life goes on in this venerable, chaotic city, whose destinies are now, as never they were, in an active state of transition.

We may assume that it is Lent. The Carnival is over; and a good thing, too. A man must be surprisingly fond of old institutions to have an affection for this mournful, spiritless survival of an ancient custom; or he must be gifted with a singular taste for flowers if he likes being hit in the face with bruised nose-gays that have been flung to and fro for hours, or bunches of greens that look like the *debris* of a market-hall. The masks themselves are well enough. They, at any rate, are not aggressive; and if they choose to play the fool for the public entertainment, it were ungenerous in the public to upbraid them. Cardboard noses,

swords of wood, and divers fantastic garbs, do give color to the streets; and one cannot but admire the courage of the gentle damsels who go hither and thither in motley, with their marvellously long black hair down their backs. But the masquerade balls are now poor affairs, in spite of all the exertions of the committee. If you whisper your artless confidences to a creature whose disguise makes her seem fair, you are sure, if you persevere, to find that she is nearer forty than twenty. None but they who have experienced it can estimate the horror of such a calamity.

Adieu, then, to the Carnival. All the Romans say that it is a dying institution, and many wish it a speedy and happy release. It is no longer the vogue to send riderless horses galloping down the Corso (the Regent Street of Rome). The battles of greenstuff and the contagion of buffoonery will soon be equally out of fashion. Italy means to be practical after the model of northern nations, now that she has a king and is a settled country. She is getting ashamed of all her moods of levity, even as she is ashamed of her former superstitious regard for the pope.

As one who designs to get on close terms with the great city, it must be supposed that you have left your hotel and taken a room in the artists' quarter. It may not be luxurious, but it is sure to be costly. You are told of the fabulous increase in the expense of living since Italy became a kingdom. Alfieri, about a hundred years back, hired a furnished palace in the Via Viminale for ten dollars a month. In Pius the Ninth's time, a suite of rooms which now lets for two hundred francs could be had for fifty francs. It is the same with other expenses; they have doubled, trebled, or quadrupled, in the last twenty years. Your landlady makes you understand that the view from one of your windows into a convent garden adds five francs weekly to your bill. In the old days, the mother superior of the convent would have got an injunction to restrain you from using your eyes in her direction; either the window would have to be blocked up, or it would be a penal offence for you to appear at it. But, as it is, you are free to gaze as much as you please at the orange-trees and cabbages below you; you may loiter on your window-sill, smoking cigarettes and looking at the moon, all through the night; and if you can make a picture, or take an instantaneous photograph, of any of the nuns, no one will charge you with sacrilege, or think nowa-

days of applying to the pope that you may be incarcerated.

It is, on the whole, an agreeable room, though you do have to climb to it by a narrow, tortuous, stone staircase like that of a dungeon, and which, being destitute of light, after dark breaks your shins regularly twice or thrice a week. For neighbors, you have a Norwegian sculptor overhead—a noisy fellow who seldom goes to bed before three A.M.; a German student of archæology on the same flat—a sensible, mild youth, of whom you cannot think in disassociation from his spectacles and the big books under his arm; and, beneath you, a Dane of indefinite purposes. Your atmosphere is therefore admirably Teutonic. The walls of your room are painted in fresco by your predecessor, who lived beyond his means, became penniless, and eventually thus worked out the dregs of his bill—to the stern dissatisfaction of your landlady, who asks *you* to pay her a month in advance. You judge the unfortunate artist to have been a man of some natural genius, but that his imagination would have served him better with a bridle. Not every painter finds his vocation in Rome, or is able to learn from Michael Angelo and Raphael what their works are supposed to be able to teach him.

In this room, then, you keep your books and shirts—the Lares and Penates of the tourist; and this is your anchor in the bustling, multiform city.

One does not rise early in Rome, unless one is much pressed for time. Perhaps it is a pity, for the sun, here as elsewhere, touches the world with tender tints at its first appearing; and the broken palaces of the Cæsars on the Palatine Hill, and the long, striding arches of the aqueducts on the green Campagna, are passing fair to see, with the morning flush upon them. But in Lent the dawn is apt to come with a chill in the narrow streets, and red are the noses of the devout who leave their beds betimes in response to the clamor of church bells.

You will not be culpably lazy, therefore, if you are content to take your coffee at nine o'clock. The little girl of the house will bring it to you—she has stood model to her mother's lodgers during the last two years; or, if you like, you may accompany the Dane to a small dairy at a street-corner. Here it is possible to have rolls and butter, an egg and coffee, for three-pence halfpenny; a true triumph of economy. Perhaps, however, it were more dignified to go to the Café Greco, still, as

in Taine's time, the rendezvous of the artists. These Raphaels in embryo are hearty, talkative youths of all ages; even the greybeards among them are boys in vivacity. There is no luxury here. You pay three halfpence for your coffee, and a penny for a *maritosso* (a Lenten bun, with infrequent plums in it). The company and its traditions suffice to give distinction to the Café Greco.

Glancing through the morning paper over your coffee, you learn how Rome stands towards the world on this particular March or April day. If your paper is aggressively secular in tone, you weary of its constant, unchivalrous assaults upon the pope. If, on the other hand, it comes from a source inspired by the Vatican, you scan sundry dry proclamations in Latin, and read of the sensation made by the Lenten preacher of the year. The day may chance to be early in April. In that case the paper tells certain waggish stories about the *pesci* by which confiding Romans have been deceived on the first of the month. In Italy "an April fish" is the equivalent of our April fooling. Some of the fishing is done on an heroic scale. For instance, the other year fifty printed circulars were sent to influential professors, in different parts of the country, requesting their attendance at an important scientific assembly in the capital. Several of the professors were men of immense fame, but guileless nature; they travelled to Rome, and discovered the cheat. Another *pescce* is more amusing. A number of fathers of boys at a school in Rome received letters purporting to be written by the principal of the school, complaining of the misdemeanors of their children, and asking the favor of an interview. The misdemeanor was in each case so grave that it seemed to make expulsion advisable. Well, the principal welcomed the first of these irate parents with becoming gravity and some surprise. But no sooner was one parent soothed than another was announced. The poor gentleman spent a miserable morning.

Leaving the Café Greco, you find yourself involved in a stream of men and women, all eddying in one direction. There is no doubting their goal. The camp-stools and prayer-books in their hands remind you of the Franciscan friar specially licensed by his Holiness to preach sermons in the Church of St. Carlo, by the Corso, daily during Lent. These sermons are a veritable crusade in Rome; they are the talk of the town. The friar looks well in the pulpit, in his brown gown

and cord, and he is a past master in oratory. Until he speaks, he resembles in a singular degree one of Rabelais's wassailers; but the magic of his voice and the sweetness of his smile soon make one unmindful of his ruddy face and full lips; and when you have heard him for ten minutes, you scarcely marvel that the ladies of Rome, from Queen Margarita downwards, have gone wild about him.

It is nothing less than that. Never have you struggled in so perfumed and aristocratic a crowd as this outside the doors of St. Carlo an hour before the sermon-time. There are old ladies in it as well as young; they came hither in their carriages; but even their lackeys cannot protect them, and cruel is the ordeal they and their silks and jewels, smelling-bottles, camp-stools, and prayer-books have to undergo ere they can get into the church. Once in, however, they speed to a vantage position in the spacious nave, set down their stools, breathe with relief, and wait patiently. By-and-by, the throng of those who have no camp-stools thickens around them, and they are in peril of suffocation where they sit, like beings in a well. But they brave all risks, and when one of them faints, and is with difficulty removed, another takes her place.

Who shall presume to say that the friar's influence is not obtained by the most legitimate and natural of means? He speaks from the heart, and therefore his words go to the heart. It is said that his early life was romantic, and that he suffered much in many ways before he entered the cloister. If the pamphleteers are to be believed, as a youth he fought strenuously under Garibaldi, and as a man he loved and won the love of a beautiful girl, the daughter of a noble. He was wounded in battle, and his beloved was married, against her will and in spite of her menaces, to a man of her own rank in life. On the day of her marriage she took poison and died. The friar, as a soldier, then made occasion to quarrel with the husband who had robbed him of his dearest hopes; he challenged him, and shot him dead in a duel. After this came remorse and repentance, and at length he turned his back on the world that had treated him so ill, and entered the monastery of which he is now the most distinguished member. If there be truth in the tale—and there well may be—how should it not deepen the interest with which these fair, proud daughters and matrons of old Rome lift their dark eyes to him in his pulpit? He draws tears

and sobs from them like no other preacher, and they, who love emotion as a cat loves warmth, are duly grateful to him.

As for their obdurate, incredulous husbands and brothers, they shrug their shoulders at all this enthusiasm. They do not like the disturbance of household arrangements which this daily sitting at the friar's feet involves. It is a revolution. Worse still, the ladies wish the friar to be their confessor as well as their most favored preacher. They are received in the bare little room of the monastery, in which the Franciscan greets his visitors one by one. It contains a rush-bottomed chair, a divan, and a table covered with a green cloth—that is all. Here, in hope and earnestness, the influence of the friar's sermons is seconded by words spoken face to face in solitude.

One day a bombshell bursts in the church during the sermon. It kills no one, but certain of the ladies swoon. The friar pauses for a moment to see through the smoke what has happened; then he reassures his congregation, and continues his sermon. At another time some cowardly cur throws a bowl of filth over him as he is going from the church to the monastery. But the preacher is not to be discouraged. "I should be surprised indeed," he says, "if they did not do something of the kind. These are times in which one must be prepared for all things."

It is not wonderful that the tender, impressionable hearts of women should yearn towards such a man. Whether, as some say, all his eloquence is designed to work insidiously on behalf of the temporal power, or whether he is merely concerned in making bad people good and the good better, he succeeds in stirring Rome as she has not been stirred for years. And so, towards noon, the sermon ends, and the crowd disperses, with low echoings of the choicest of the friar's words. Outside the church there are shouts innumerable of "Complete and authentic life of Father —, only a penny!" and "Yesterday's sermon—special version!" This is fame with a vengeance. The booklets sell by hundreds of thousands. And yet the cry is that Rome is an infidel city! "Gallantry," it is said, "has departed from men of the world, and taken refuge in the monastery!" This ought to be regarded as the unkindest cut of all to the soul of a thoroughbred Roman, the great-grandson of the dandies whom Parini has limned so well, sacrificing to the ladies all their hours and aspirations.

It is now time to breakfast in earnest. The friar's sermons are as exhausting to his congregation as to himself. The man who can go straight from the church to a picture-gallery may be envied for his hardihood, but must not serve as an example. Never mind the beggars who accost you for coppers on your way to the eating-house. They are stout, hearty rogues as a rule, with a rare trick of groaning afflictively at sight of a stranger. Not so long ago, one of them used to ride daily into Rome, on his own cob, from his country seat. He amassed a respectable fortune by sitting, with outstretched palms, on the stone steps which ascend from the Piazza di Spagna, and gave his daughter a dowry of a thousand crowns. That, however, was in the days of the popes, when mendicancy was a recognized profession, quite as reputable as law or medicine.

The waiters of Rome are to be commended for their urbanity. You are treated with princely courtesy by the gentle old man in a swallow-tail coat who comes forward to relieve you of your cloak with his chilblained fingers. Fancy having chilblains in Rome, where no one thinks of suggesting that you would like a fire in your room, though the wind blow nippingly from the snow on Mount Soracte, and there be a film of real ice on the gutters! So it is, however, and, with a murmur about the weather, the old fellow marshals you to a table, takes your order for wine, and perhaps asks you if you will breakfast as a good Catholic, or without scruple in the matter of meat. In these days you may follow your humor, though a hundred years ago it was an offence punishable with eight days' imprisonment to eat a beefsteak when you ought, according to the calendar, to eat salt fish.

What a chatter your neighbors at yonder table are making! They consist of six youths, freckled and spectacled, and one pretty girl, whose fair hair and blue eyes whisper of her northern home. Evidently students, the entire seven. The young lady sits at the head of the table, and accepts the homage of her companions' eyes and tongues with exquisite complacency. What would her mother say, one wonders, if she knew how lavishly her pretty daughter was studying experience in Rome? Art means more to some people than to others, yet we will go bail the girl is as good as she looks, and as worthy to inspire an ideal on canvas or in marble as anything of flesh and blood may be.

Who, on the other hand, are those five voluble gentlemen who gesticulate so floridly while they talk, or rather declaim, to each other at the next table? The old waiter tells you in a twinkling. They are B, C, D, E, and F, all members of Parliament; a group of notorious irreconcilables, at present in a difficulty with the government. C, in particular, is a household word in the newspapers. He is a small, dark man from the Abruzzi, with passion and generosity writ large on his face. These senators pay two francs a piece for their meal (including wine), and when the door has swung upon their backs, as they return to the House, you are perhaps surprised, though not greatly concerned, to hear that their combined gratuity to the waiter amounts to but five-pence.

And now it is well to be industrious in use of such of the prime of the day as still remains at your disposal. The lively blue of the strip of the heavens above the houses is suggestive of warmth; but to you, in the narrow, sunless byway of the city, the cold breath of the breeze belies the heavens.

A car is ready for you at the street corner, and the driver will be enchanted to rattle you anywhere within Rome's boundaries for a sixpence. Perchance he spies the foreigner in you, and says word of a friend of his, eminently qualified to act as cicerone. But be deaf to that prompting, unless you have no confidence in yourself. "The history of the ruins of Rome," it has been well said by a Spaniard, "is, in the mouths of the ignorant, often a real ruin of history."

You pass at a gallop palaces, churches, and fountains by the score. Your driver nimbly points with his whip-stock at one object after another. He gives it its name—more he cannot do. It is for you to put the flesh on the dry bones. What profit is it to you, for example, to know that this great mass of columns, and rocks, and statues, a hundred feet high, with the water gushing from it in three broad streams, and falling from basin to basin in a double cascade, is called the Fontana di Trevi? It is more to the point to know that here Alfieri used to come of a morning, long before his brother aristocrats were out of bed, and sit eating bread and cheese, and thinking, to the sound of the water's roar. And roar it does like a storm-bound sea, so that one marvels how the citizens of the neighborhood sleep in the night. It is the purest water in Rome, and, as such, is favored by the nobility.

One day, however, they found a dead drunkard in it, which, for a time, affected the appetite of those whose taps connect with it. There are a myriad of fountains in Rome, but none, if you have acquired a passion for the old city, of so much consequence to you as this; for on the morning when your fate compels you to leave the dear place, if you come hither and cast a copper coin into its broad basin, you propitiate destiny on your behalf. It is believed by so doing that you assure your return to Rome.

You ask your driver to carry you to the Vatican by a circuitous route. It is not surprising, therefore, if, after a few minutes spent in devious alleys, only just wide enough for your car, you chance upon an open, depressed area between houses and churches, bearing a double line of broken pillars and plinths set in the wet ground, various monstrous pieces of granite lying amid the pillars, and a glorious, uninjured column in the midst, with a railing at its summit, and a statue as a finial. Four or five cats are the sole inhabitants of this parallelogram of classical space. The Forum of Trajan is a sweet place for their antics, whether they play catch who can with each other, or find adequate pastime in the pursuit of their own individual tails.

After the Forum you reach another open space—that of the Piazza di Navona, with shops and palaces and florid churches at its four sides, marble seats set about it, statues here and there, and other gigantic fountains dating from the time of the fifth Sixtus, whom Master Pasquin nicknamed Summus Fontifex instead of Summus Pontifex. This is a quarter much abandoned to nursemaids and idlers, although it is close to the Senate House of the Italian nation. Time back it was the circus attached to Nero's baths. Only the other day, speaking comparatively, it served as a convenient place for summary execution of the law upon criminals. Here they set rogues in the pillory, or stretched them face downwards on the stone bench, and whipped them well with a thong of cow-hide—vastly to the amusement of their fellow Romans, who enjoyed anything in the nature of a spectacle. An assassin or a thief caught in the act, was in those days hung with but little formality. The gallows were always ready, as indeed it ought to have been in a city wherein from 1758 to 1769 there were four thousand homicides. It was only needful to send for the hangman, who soon turned the poor wretch off, and then jumped on his

shoulders to make him die the quicker. It might happen, however, that during the execution the coach of a cardinal rolled into view. His Eminence, if in a good humor, was likely enough to exercise the privilege of pardon which belonged to all cardinals. At the lifting of his finger, as the coach stumbled by, there would be a cry of "Respite!" The arm of the flogger would be instantly arrested, the man in the stocks would go free, and if the luckless villain swaying to and fro from the gallows was not already dead, he would be cut down and released. It is told how one man at such a contingency had actually been hung, and the hangman was just about to leap upon him, when his Eminence gave the sign—a narrow escape out of the fell jaws of death.

Another characteristic of this notable Piazza—the largest in Rome—was the efficacy of the water of one of its fountains to convert Jews into Christians. But the virtue is nowadays not so considerable. It has gone the way of the cemetery for prostitutes, the wolves of the Campagna close to the city gates, the prejudice against the innovation of gas (publicly denounced by Gregory XVI.)—all of which were current in Rome a few decades ago.

From the Piazza di Navona you approach the Tiber. The water is a dirty primrose color, with a strong stream, enlivened by a multitude of eddies, and bearing away to the sea much jetsam and flotsam in the shape of dead dogs and cats, fragments of boards, and drifts of straw. It is not a river you would care to bathe in, spite of its heroic history, much less be drowned in, like Heliogabalus, whom they threw from one of the bridges, with a stone tied to his neck, "lest he might float, and receive honorable burial." Your driver considerably draws your attention to a great drain which debouches into the river hard by. The sight of this was unnecessary to make you think with but scant respect of the outward and visible aspect of the famous stream. No doubt, however, it will "smooth its yellow foam," and grow sufficiently pellucid and estimable, when you think of it at a distance. A pleasanter feature of it this day is the lumbering Sicilian barque, gay with a draping of boughs and fresh vine-wreaths, moored by the castle of St. Angelo. Here you may drink pure Etruscan wine in a fantastic little arbor on the deck of the craft, gently rocked by the turbulent river.

Next you come in view of St. Peter's.

It is possible you will be disappointed both by the Piazza in front of it and by the Basilica itself. There is a deal too much grass among the stones of the Piazza. The fountains have an air of decrepitude due to corrosion from the falling water, and the steps up to the portico would be the better for repair. Seen, too, upon an ordinary, uneventful day in the Catholic year (and, in this generation, few days have much pomp attached to them), there is something infinitely melancholy in the solitude and silence of this vast area before the church of the world's vicar-general. There may be half-a-dozen tourists methodically ascending the steps, now glancing at their guide-books, and now staring at what their guide-books exhort them to observe. These, with one or two long-skirted priests, are all the human beings in waiting upon the church. Away to the right, where the shops, full of rosaries and reliquary trifles, come to an end, and the colonnade begins its bold curve towards the Vatican, there are a score or two of cabs, and some omnibuses. For sound, there is nothing but the splash, splash of the water in the fountains, the spray of which flies far before the wind, and the tolling of the bell which marks the hour.

Here, where last of all in Rome you expect to find them, there are just those signs of neglect and decay which give tender grace to the courtyards of ancient manors and palaces long divorced from the cheerful hum of life and the tread of vigorous feet. Moss and mould on the stones of St. Peter's of Rome! Then truly it would seem that there must be heavy force in those words of the pope to the Bishop of Brescia the other day, about the oppression he suffers "contrary to the dignity of the Roman pontiff, and so repugnant to his true liberty," but which he is nevertheless satisfied to continue to suffer, "constrained by hard necessity, so long as it shall be the will of God, who is the supreme omnipotent ordainer of all human things."

If a housemaid deposits her broom in a corner and protests that she will do no more cleaning unless her wages be raised, one of two things must happen: either cobwebs and spiders will stay awhile in the ascendant, or her broom will pass into other hands.

One cannot shake off the fancy that the Vatican cherishes the grass between the stones of the Piazza, and the dilapidation of its masonry, much as a pretty widow clings to the weeds that become her so

well. But, if so, it is a pitiful error. Ours is an age in which those who whine and sulk meet with little compassion, and less mercy. Fortitude under calamity wins the world's admiration like nothing else, and, that obtained, much may follow. They who sulk and chafe in a corner are likely to be left to sulk and chafe, and meantime every such wasted hour is a link in the chain of their ruin.

One thinks of that other pope, Clement XIV., and his words on the burning subject of our day: "Christ's vicar is a shepherd of souls, not a trafficker in estates." And again: "The Holy See will not perish, because it is the base and centre of purity; but the popes will be made to surrender just as much as has been given to them."

When he was but a humble friar, with no particular ambition to be great, this Clement, like the rest of Rome, found himself in the Piazza one day, to see the splendor that surrounded a papal coronation. He climbed upon a granite column, like a street-arab, the better to view the show; and there he stayed until one of his Holiness's policemen compelled him to descend. Eleven years afterwards, he himself sat in the chair of St. Peter. Which column was it, we wonder, that he scaled? Poor Ganganelli! Perhaps there never was a pope who had nobler ideas about the papacy; and yet it was of him that they wrote the epitaph:—

Pope Clement the Fourteenth
Began to reign like a mouse,
Reigned like an ass,
And died like a hog.

They were not content to poison him, to get him and his reforms out of the way; but they must also, in self-justification, vilify his memory.

The interior of St. Peter's had such an effect upon Macaulay that he was "fairly stunned" by it, and he "could have cried with pleasure." It takes weeks before ordinary visitors can be brought within a measurable distance of such emotion; if, indeed, it be not true that Rome cannot be appreciated by those who are not Catholics. To most of us the words of a certain diplomatist on the subject have exact application: "The church swells and swells each time we enter it, like a balloon gradually being inflated with gas." People of vigorous imaginations see from the outset whither their experience of it will lead them, and so they are fitly impressed by it at first sight. Instinct, in some of us, here does the work of the imagina-

tion. Of this, the "I calculate this is a biggish place of worship when you measure it," of the American citizen on a tour, is a fair example.

After some acquaintance with it, Joseph II. of Austria said of the Roman court, that "it is impossible for any one who knows it not to despise it." From all accounts he was not far wrong. But no one can venture to be contemptuous of this great temple of Rome. Not that it is by any means above criticism. Where is the human achievement that is? One would like to cut off and sweep away *en masse* the western façade, and perhaps shorten the nave to the length originally designed for it by Michael Angelo. One would like to clip the wings of some of the stone seraphim and cherubim that assume to adorn it. Bernini's gigantic canopy over the high altar would be better returned to the melting-pot, and the bronze thereof given back to the Pantheon, whence it came. The five-and-thirty thousand francs spent a few years ago in forging sheet-iron vestments to cover the nakedness of the saints and angels upon the tomb of Pope Paul III., might have been applied to better use. It would be a relief to some of us if the famous papal choir contained no members of that unfortunate class who are neither masculine nor feminine, and whose singing, for once that it enchants, nine times sets the teeth on edge, or the mind wandering off at a tangent in search of the explanation of the sadness occasioned by the shrill quail-pipe of these nondescript but highly paid members of society, mutilated for the behoof of the first Church of the Christian faith. If it could be done, one would be glad to see the countless stains of tobacco juice, etc., completely removed from the marble pavement, and one would like to discover the pope walking about and conversing with the sacristans in the brisk, companionable manner that marks the intercourse between our country parsons and their sextons. And so on. One could readily frame a strong indictment against St. Peter's upon divers counts, even as one may without difficulty find flaw after flaw in the character of this or that man or woman commonly reckoned a miracle of excellence.

When you have paid your homage to St. Peter's daily for a month or two, you may be in train to admire the noble building as it deserves to be admired. The nervousness that attends upon an introduction will then have worn off. Indeed, you will be on such terms of intimacy with

it, that even its failings will seem to you an essential, and not so very repugnant a part of it. It will all be dear to you — from the vaults underneath, with their urns full of the dust of popes, and emperors, and saints, to the cramped copper sphere at the summit, wherein, having climbed to it by a perpendicular ladder set in a funnel, the sides of which press your shoulders, you have consented to sit for a while, with your knees almost touching your nose, in company with three or four unwashed Roman vagabonds, who defile it with scurrilous canticles and the ill-smelling smoke of their cigar-ends. The wind wails through the interstices of this ball of St. Peter's with many a weird intonation.

A hundred years ago, the Basilica was menaced with deadly peril. The French had designs upon it. It was not enough that they should loot the galleries and palaces of Rome, foist their own barbarous calendar upon the reluctant faithful, flood the State with their sham bank-notes, and tax the Romans as they had never been taxed before. They proposed also to strip the first church of the world of all its valuables, and sell these for what they would fetch. The schedule of its properties was already drawn up, and only the order to devastate was wanting. Happily this order was deferred and never issued.

In their despair, the Romans of that day went to and fro about the Holy City, petitioning Heaven in the quaint but rather obsolete way that accorded best with their aspirations. Some scourged their naked backs as they walked in procession; others dragged ponderous chains at the ankle; some bore heavy crosses of wood upon their shoulders; and others kept their arms stiffly distended as if they had been nailed to a crucifix; yet others wore crowns of thorns, which drew blood from their brows at each footstep. These petitioners at the gate of Heaven were blessed by the pope from his balcony. It was hoped that their intercessions, and the miraculous conduct of certain statues of the Virgin, which in this time of tribulation were seen to open and shut their eyes — as much to the terror as the joy of the people — would induce God himself to be on their side.

But their hopes seemed vain. For, spite of the flagellants and the other self-torturers, spite of the public exposition of a number of the relics which give Rome its supreme sanctity (the heads and trunks of St. Peter and St. Paul, the inscription from the cross, the column to which Christ

was bound when he was scourged, the table upon which the Last Supper was spread, the grill upon which St. Lawrence was roasted to death, etc., etc.)—spite of all, for a score of years there was no peace in Rome; and it seemed as if at any moment the words of Napoleon, after the Treaty of Tolentino, might be fulfilled: "This old machine (the papacy) will now fall to pieces of its own accord."

How, one cannot but ask oneself, will the papacy weather the storm which in our day is persistently over its head? It is not, perhaps, so brutal and ruthless as that of the Revolution, but it is more protracted, and likely to be even more serious in its final results. Is the time near when St. Peter's of Rome will no longer be the church of the Holy See? It is hard saying what cataclysm is in store for the pope's city. The whirligig of time seems to threaten us with much radical change, as a corollary of those words from the Vatican only the other day, "Woman in Europe is the sole hope of the Church." Never was there a more fatal confession of weakness.

But in the waning afternoon one must make haste to the Vatican galleries, even though there be time only to walk once through them. Cold indeed on a dull Lenten day are the precincts of St. Peter's and the Vatican. The straight walk of nearly a quarter of a mile between the high wall of the Vatican garden (the tops of the big pines of which rise above the wall) and the lofty, ugly, brown body of the palace itself, is enough to frighten enthusiasm into a corner. You may chance on your way to see some of the fantastic coaches of the pope's establishment in the ground-floor chambers of the palace. They would better befit Mr. Barnum or the organizers of our lord-mayors' shows than him who claims pre-eminently to personate the apostolic character.

One soon develops a preference for this statue or that in such a gallery as that of the Vatican. Either it is the gracious, refined head of Antinous, or the Apollo Belvedere, "lord of the unerring bow," or that striking old battered relic of a great artist's work, without a head, without feet, and without hands, or the disk-thrower, (you may see the boys by Frascati, in the same attitude, engaged in the same pastime), or what not of the marble wealth of this "Niobe of the nations."

For our part, we like best the "Laocoon." Some say it is not a work of art the contemplation of which tends to brace the spirits of a man. Perhaps it is not.

The comfort is that there are times when one feels so strong of body and mind as to be in no want of external fortifying. But there is one decided drawback to the "Laocoon." It has been the source of so much controversy that you are sure to be afflicted by the sound of argument round about it. Tiresome German professors make it a trysting-place for their pupils, and, having massed their ardent flock in front of it, are audacious enough to apply it as the text of a sermon twenty minutes in duration, not perceiving that though Lessing, Winckelmann, Goethe, Schopenhauer, and divers other Teutons of renown, have largely discussed the meaning of the expression on the old priest's face, this does not give the German nation a monopoly of the statue. These art-students measure its parts, raise their eyebrows, and excitedly let loose to each other the inspired rhapsodies that suddenly come upon them; and, in short, make such a babble that it is impossible to enjoy it as one might under other conditions. It may be worth while to debate, as they do, whether Laocoon was a Stoic, as Winckelmann thinks, and therefore not likely to cry out in his agony; or whether, according to Lessing's view, the sculptors cared nothing about the old man's sufferings, and were only anxious to suppress his screams as incompatible with ideal beauty; or whether, as Hirt supposes, the serpents had already squeezed so much of his life out of him that he had no strength left to spend in wailing; or whether it be true that Schopenhauer has said the last word about the work in his ridicule of all this futile debating, and his simple assertion that Laocoon does not shriek because it is not in the power of inanimate marble to shriek.

One is at times half, and more than half, disposed to fancy that we befool ourselves by our excessive admiration of the sculpture of the ancients. As architects, indeed, these merit all the homage we can offer them. But, in sculpture, in so far only as it assumes to represent the human form, it is surely less our fault than our misfortune that we must confess them our superiors. It is a commonplace that "the invention of breeches has changed the history of the world." Our modern sculptors are sadly hampered by civilization; they are forced to study faces rather than forms. No wonder if, as a rule, they fail to please us like the Greeks. Yet in Rome's modern cemetery, outside the gate of St. Lorenzo, there is at least one chiselled face sweeter and nobler than any

done by a pagan hand. The expression, as well as the sympathetic execution, may doubtless be ascribed to that other more modern force in the world—quite as powerful in its way as the invention of breeches—to wit, Christianity.

His Holiness's picturesque domestics dismiss you from the Vatican punctually at three o'clock. What next? If you are in an indefatigable humor, you may still see much before the dinner-hour. Why not, first of all, drive as near the Capitol as your car can take you, ascend that awful flight of steps which leads to the site of the venerated temple of Jupiter, and then stroll down the lane to the right, and view the Tarpeian rock? It does not thrill as it ought, but it is interesting. You ring a bell by a garden gate, explain your wishes to the dame who answers the bell, and then follow her through a garden of orange-trees, acacias, and cypresses, shaken by the wind which whistles shrilly about this exalted spot. "Behold it, sir!" says your guide, as she stops on the brink of a precipitous cliff of red rock about eighty feet high. Seneca must have strained at his adjective when he wrote of it as "*immensæ altitudinis*."

The obvious plea that the rock is not high enough to kill is met by your cicerone with the counter-plea that in the old days it was three times as high. You may not be convinced by her bold assertion, but it is all the solace your imagination is like to get. It is too bad. There are flowers and grasses about the face of the cliff. The base of it serves as a courtyard for three or four houses, whose roofs are on a level with you. The inmates of the houses, engaged in various humble offices of life, are declared to you; clothes are being hung to dry where of old the mutilated bodies of Rome's traitors fell dead; children are singing in wooden balconies; a woman is making a salad. You see, too, the Madonnas over the beds within the houses, and the pots and pans in the kitchen. Behind the chimney-pots are the ruins of the Palatine Hill; and beyond, the blue Alban Mountains. When you have stored the picture in your memory, your cicerone tells you the rock is in the estate of the German consul, whose residence adjoins. Our northern half-brethren are not satisfied to exercise a sort of prescriptive right over works of art like the "Laocoon;" they must also obtain possession of Rome's natural phenomena.

If you care for what is termed "high life," your day's revelry in Rome will be incomplete unless you give the last hour

of the daylight to the Corso. The bearers of great names may then be seen by the score, driving up and down this narrow street of shops at a funereal pace. The noble youths of Rome loiter by a certain *café* in the street, dressed to the ears, with cigars between their primrose-kid-covered fingers, and ever and anon saluting a passer-by with grave elegance. These youths are sad gossips. They break the reputations of their lady friends with a whisper as easily as you break a biscuit. There is still much of the old leaven of malicious frivolity in their race.

Some of the ladies, their sisters and wives and cousins, are quite oppressively magnificent in feature. The Roman nose stands transcendent upon their dark faces. It gives them a character of imperiousness and severity that their hearts belie. Parini's words about the Roman husband of his period are as serviceable now as they were then. He is of no consequence whatever in his own house, and if he be a man of spirit, he will betake himself elsewhere, to seek entertainment in the company of some fair lady whose husband, on his part, is amusing himself with the conversation of another lady, whose husband is also away. The Romans are noticeable for the size of their ears. You may have remarked it in their statues; those of Cato of Utica, for instance, would excite the envy of an ass; and afterwards you perceive that the modern Romans are much like their classical forefathers in this respect. After the tongue, the ear is certainly the organ most in request here. And as it hears a great deal it ought not to hear, its size may well be abnormal.

This paper is already too long. We may, therefore, skip over the time that intervenes between sunset and midnight on this typical day of your life in Rome; a period of five or six not unimportant hours, consecrated to dinner and the theatre. You will indeed be fortunate if you leave the theatre so early as midnight; for the play often drags on its tedious course until one o'clock or later.

Surely, you protest, it is now time to put your shins at hazard on the grimy stone staircase that leads to your bed. Indeed it is not. It were treason against the majesty of Rome not to spend an hour or two of nocturnal reverie in that eerie haunt, the Colosseum. It is not at all eerie by day. You cannot possibly conjure up the spectres of its past when you are in the midst of a throng of the specially conducted from London or Berlin. There are then so many Anglo-Saxons smoking meerschaum

pipes, so many amateur photographers and artists struggling after new effects, so many well-informed clergymen discoursing to their wives and daughters about the martyrs who died in the arena where they stand, so many Roman hucksters of glazed picture-books, rosaries, and mock antiques — briefly, such strong and various distraction, that the Colosseum is really tiresome. Perhaps the only fancy it then provokes in you is a desire to glissade down that towering brick slope which a certain pope built up as a protective buttress to the much-despoiled ruin.

But the night tells another tale. The dark vault of the heavens then plays the part of that ceiling of canvas which they stretched from side to side of the amphitheatre to keep off the sun. Your imagination quickens. You see eighty or ninety thousand men and women, in tiers, around and above you; the married here; the unmarried there; the boys with their tutors in yonder corner. They are all as silent as the tomb. In the middle of the arena the gladiators are at work. One is down — no, he is up again. He bleeds, but what of that? A hundred and seventy thousand eyes are upon him; he must show himself a hero. He staggers a second time. Did you not hear the flesh part at the sweep of his rival's blade? He lies prostrate; nor will he rise again. And now at length the multitude suddenly shout their applause. They are excellent judges of an agony, and this man has died famously.

A hundred other gladiators breathe their last in the same way. It becomes monotonous. The crimson patches upon the sand are gruesome to see; and so is the dark steam which ascends from them. Fountains of perfumed water are set in motion here and there, but the perfumes are overpowered by the fœtor. The multitude are heated in spite of the screen betwixt them and the sun. They are querulous also; they cry for a new sensation; and meanwhile eat and drink and settle their wagers of the morning. They have sat for four hours, but it is not enough. To pique their jaded appetites, the bars of dens on all sides of the arena are briskly slipped aside, and from the recesses lions, leopards, elephants, wild boars, bears, and tigers leap or stride forward sullenly upon the sand. The lions and tigers snuff the blood at their feet, and roar their loudest. There is a flutter of white rags to anger the boars, and the bulls are taunted with red rags; a cracking of whips behind

some of the beasts, and a touch of the goad for others. The elephants have been made drunk with a decoction of herbs. A score of men and women, in white garments, are urged into the midst of this fierce company; and then the turmoil of whips and shouts and roars is redoubled. The elephants totter to and fro, crushing whatever gets in their path; the bulls and boars toss and gore; the lions and tigers and leopards rend and begin to devour; and the bears squeeze the life out of the hearts of the human beings nearest to them. The clamor grows deafening. The arena is a shambles, and the fumes from it are sickening. But the Romans have tough stomachs, and so, by-and-by, they return to their houses, rejoicing in the spectacle.

Again all is silent in the stupendous building. The stars shine overhead. The cool night wind sighs among the marble seats, the walls and hollows. It will sweeten the place in readiness for the morrow. But look! what are these shadowy forms gliding into the arena? The sand is still strewn with the dead of the day; men and women and beasts side by side; time enough to remove them when the first cock crows. Under the starlight, the dead Christians are gently but swiftly borne away, one by one. Their living brethren are ready for them by the outer walls, and these transport them to the solitudes of the Celian hill, to their last homes in the catacombs.

You may, if you please, see visions like this all through the night in this monstrous skeleton of an extinct age; and you may mark further, if you will, how the later history of Rome has been epitomized in the vicissitudes of the Colosseum. It has been a fortress, a church, a cattle-market, and a quarry, as well as a theatre and a slaughter-house. It has seen a hundred popes amble by it on white mules, in solemn pomp, towards the Lateran Church. They say that Peter the Hermit here conceived the idea of the Crusades. Here Michael Angelo used to come and muse upon architects and architecture; he called it his school. There is no end to its experiences. What new sight, we wonder, is Rome preparing for it? There's not a doubt about the answer. The acres of huge white houses, built and building, hardly a gunshot away, mark the latest phase in the history of Rome and the Colosseum. When the pope has gone, the Colosseum as well as Rome will have turned over a strange new leaf.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE UNATTACHED STUDENT.

1.

IN an ancient university town there lived formerly an unattached student. His name was Beggs, but a stranger would scarcely find that out in a year, though he was a sight as well known as the proctors. For he had ten separate nicknames, and men never spoke of him but by one of these. The favorite, however, and that which the most nearly described him, was "The Beam," which took its beginning from the sun-like radiancy and broad universal smile of his huge countenance. In girth and height, in substance and general proportion, he was of the sons of Anak; yet, great as he might appear in cap and gown, hurrying to lecture in the wake of supercilious pigmies, it was nothing to one who has seen him (as I have) wholly cased in white, stalking, gigantic and solitary, to the football-field.

No one was ever seen to speak to him. For though in his absence his existence was recognized as a sort of base necessity, yet the lack of speculation in the eyes of those with whom he daily perforce consorted might lead you to fancy him invisible to them as he moved substantial. He was elder by no mean period to the majority of his fellows, having, indeed, for some years previous, as master in a national school, been known amongst his coevals as "poor Beggs;" but the boys, with more candor, called him "that ass Beggs." And he had, but God knows how, collected together enough money to go through his university course, not without hardship, on such a system of bare toleration. Yet, because he was not accustomed to be considered, and was happy in capping a tutor, and even in the very name of undergraduate, these things remained without meaning to him. Moreover he had a companion at home, who was all that a companion should be.

He lived in an extremely small house; indeed it could hardly be called anything but a cottage, for there was no passage in it, and you could get to it only by a narrow, sloping path that was like the entrance to a mews. But it was not a bad place to live in, especially in the summer. There was a small garden behind; sweet herbs grew in it, and a clump of lavender and some flowers, and behind that again there was the river. I have seen strange effects as the white mist came drifting over the

fields at sundown, and sometimes covered them softly like a deep mantle of snow.

Some people said that the place was not healthy, but the widow Beggs always remarked that the mist stopped short at the garden paling, and of course she knew.

There were two steps leading to the cottage door, and they were always beautifully clean and white. Any morning in the year, before the sun rose, you might have seen the Beam kneeling before them with a pail of water. He cleaned the steps with all his strength, a labor of love, which was, moreover, first-rate exercise in winter; and what an additional glow came over him when the old mother came out and said admiringly, "Well, now! I'd eat my dinner off 'em as soon as look at 'em!"

He then went to his breakfast of pease-pudding, and after that there was a dinner of pease-pudding, and a supper of pease-pudding also. But on Sundays he had herrings for supper. This, said he, was his favorite diet; but for the old lady he provided something better, and since she could not help believing what her son told her, and saw that he became every day stouter and redder, she was convinced that it was the best thing for him.

What a son he was, to be sure! Old Mrs. Beggs was certainly the happiest woman in the world when she went out with him. So many people stopped to look at him that the walk was like a triumphal progress, and she has often observed to me that even when there was a pretty girl on the other side of the way, all eyes would turn by preference towards her son.

In the long summer evenings you might see the pair stroll silently in the fields, hand-in-hand. I have seen them walk so in the town, but only once, upon a special occasion.

But in the winter, when the lamp was lit, and the warm small room was full of flickers from the fire, that shone upon the china dogs on the mantelpiece with golden collars and red ears, on the black paper profiles in gilt frames, the big Bible, and the scriptural groups in glazed earthenware of Elijah and the ravens, and Peter with the cock — then the Beam covered the round table with his books and studied. The sense of companionship, the possibility of conversation were agreeable to him, and the old lady was always ready to agree, even when she was dozing. "Listen to this, mother," he would

say. "Is it not beautiful?" And he would read a passage from Saint Chrysostom, or Gregory Nazianzen, and she nodded her head, and thought of the talents of her son.

They had sat thus one evening for some time. The fire had burned a little red, and the student sighed and shut the Greek dictionary. His mother was sitting by the fire. She was awake, and when he came and took her hand, she spoke.

"Do you not think, my son," said she, "that you might now engage yourself to be married?"

"Now that you mention it," he replied, "I will certainly see about it immediately. I would have done so before if I had known that you would like it, for the idea is not at all a bad one."

"It occurred to me just now while I sat here looking into the fire," said the widow. "I thought to myself, here is Joshua, who has now nearly gone through the university course, and is about to take his degree; and it seemed to me that considering the good appointment that the government will certainly give you, it would really be a misfortune if you were not able to settle in life immediately on obtaining it. Dear me! how agreeable it will be to be sitting here with a nice young thing on the other side of the hearth — just we three, you know. And then you will have little ones who will come up to me and say, 'Good-night, grandmama!' I almost fancy sometimes I hear their little voices."

"That will be charming, mother!" cried the student, and then he fell a-thinking. "It is necessary to consider," said he.

"Take your own time, my dear boy," said the old lady.

After five minutes the student raised his head, and said, "There is Penny Morrison, next door. She's a good girl, mother. Would you like her? It would be neighborly."

"It is true," said the widow, who had been thinking of no one but Penny Morrison, "that with your abilities you might look higher, my son. Yet, as you say, Penny is a good girl, and I remember that when I went in there to my tea the bread was extremely light — it had been scraped at the bottom, but that was the fault of the oven; and it will be handy for your courting, for even when you are very busy you will be able just to slip in and say 'Good-evening!'"

"Certainly, that will be the very thing!" cried the student, "and I will begin to-

morrow, mother, before tea, for perhaps it will occupy some time, and I sometimes fancy I am rather a slow person."

"Take your own time, my son," said the widow again, and she patted his large head as she went up-stairs to bed.

II.

THE next day the student stood at the door of the Morrisons' cottage. He wore a new necktie, and had a polyanthus in his coat, and he also had on his college cap and gown. Mr. Morrison was the foreman of the Works, for so they were always spoken of; and thus they were superior people.

"I have come," said Joshua, "to inquire after little Ehret; and — is Miss Penny at home?"

"Dear! and it's kind of you, I'm sure, Mr. Beggs," said Mrs. Morrison in a tone less loud than its wont. She looked backwards athwart her shoulder into the room, where he heard a low voice. But he could not see within for the figure of Mrs. Morrison.

"Penny's out just now for a breath of air," said she, "for Ehret's been but poorly, and Penny was up with her the most of the night. But come in; the district-lady's there, but don't you mind that, and Ehret's always wild to see you."

Little Ehret lay on a chair-bed by the window, and a young woman sat beside her on a low stool, explaining to her the pictures that she held in her hand. "And so," said she, "whenever he spread out his cloak he had only to wish, and the cloak rose up in the air and carried him wherever he wanted to go."

Little Ehret, who had for half an hour forgot her pain, now began to weep, and said with sobbing, "I'm tired! I'm so tired of this brown room — I want to go out in the sun and see the green fields and hear the birds!"

And then she saw Joshua, who having entered, stood awkwardly without a word, and she stretched out her long, lean arms to him. "Take me," said the cripple, "in your great beautiful strong arms, and carry me to the river to see the boats."

"Nay," said Mrs. Morrison, "for shame, Ehret, to plague Mr. Beggs so. And it's downright naughty of you, that it is, to go for to cry like that, making yourself ill all for nothing, when the lady's been so good to you and all; and she won't come and see you no more, nor Mr. Beggs neither, if you're not a good girl and lie down quiet now and go to sleep."

The lady put her arms round the child

in a quick, gentle manner that she had, and the child clung to her. "I think some fresh air is what Ehretia wants," she said. "Do not cry, Ehret, and I will come to you to-morrow and bring you a custard pudding that my Mrs. Binny knows how to make better than anybody else in the world. And if you are good, Mr. Beggs will take you out. Will you not?" said she, and as she spoke she looked at him and half laughed. Yet in her eyes there was ever something of shrinking gravity. He now for the first time met them, and they had over him some curious influence. Whether they were grey or blue I cannot tell. They were of the sort that for depth seemed to go through to the back of her head, and that pierced far into the souls of others; much looked out of them for those who were wise or fortunate enough to behold it. The student discovered there in one moment something that he had never known of before. But he lifted little Ehret very carefully, and her mother wrapped her in a shawl, and the lady put in the pin and said good-bye. Again he met her eyes.

Then he carried Ehret down to the river.

III.

"AND what did you say to her, to-day, my son?" asked the widow as she sat in the elbow-chair and looked at Joshua, who was making toast for her tea—for toast is no dearer than bread, and is always a relish.

"She said 'good-bye,' and—who did you mean, mother?" said the student, and he dropped the slice among the cinders. In seeking for it he knelt upon the cat, which he mistook for a footstool. "That was very careless," said he. "You were speaking of Penelope. Yes; I did not see her to-day, for Mrs. Morrison told me that she was out, but to-morrow I will call again."

"I have been thinking," said the widow, "that she would perhaps take it kindly if you were to make her some little present, for I first came to think of your father from his giving me six pairs of porpoise-hide boot-laces. He was travelling in haberdashery then. And I have got some little things put away here," said she, going to the cupboard and taking down an old grey leather desk, "which perhaps may be of use, just to show, you know——"

"That there is no ill-feeling, mother," suggested the student.

"That is what I mean," she replied.

The widow opened the old desk and

took out several folded papers. She opened one. It contained a very few red hairs tied together with a fine piece of blue riband, and was labelled "Joshua Jonathan Beggs, aged three months, five days."

"That is your hair, my son," said she. "I cut it off myself. And here is the first tooth that you lost—and how you cried, to be sure, not knowing that it was the way of all flesh—but it has slipped out of its paper and has got black with lying amongst the pencil-leads. Ah, this was what I was looking for, it is made of my great-aunt Elizabeth's hair. She had two made, one for me and one for Cousin Mary, just six months before she died, to remember her by. She always wore a skull-cap, poor old lady, for she was past eighty years of age; but I know it is her own hair, for she told me that she had always saved her combings from a girl. It is a very handsome brooch, for aunt had intended to leave us each a hundred pounds, but she had the brooches made instead, and left the money to a Blind Institution. But I'd as soon Penny had it as any one, for she's a good, careful girl, and in that way it would not go out of the family. Perhaps, however, to begin with, so handsome a present would be premature."

The widow searched in the desk again. "Here is something else," said she, taking out a small wooden box. "It was brought to your father as a present from China, and is the tooth-powder that the Chinese use, so the gentleman said. But I thought it would be a pity to make use of it, and so I have kept it as a curiosity. She might like to have it, you know; and then if you found she took it kindly you could offer her the brooch afterwards."

"Certainly," said the student. "And you do not think, mother, that she would consider it personal at all?"

"You might say, you know," said the widow thoughtfully, "that if it went against her conscience to keep it, put by it would come in nicely for the children; and then she could do as she liked about it."

"Of course," said he. "That is what I shall say, and she will be very pleased. It was clever of you to think of it. Is there not a secret drawer here?"

"Yes, that is a secret drawer," said the widow, pressing her finger on a spring which made a small drawer fly out.

"And what do you keep in it, mother?" said he.

"I do not know why I should keep it

here," said the widow, "but I like to know that it is safe. You would not remember to have seen it, for you were but a child when it had to be cut off from my finger, I had grown so stout. It's my wedding-ring; but I had it mended again so that you would scarcely know."

"There is writing on it," said the student, examining the ring, on the inside of which was a rough design of an eye and the words, "May it watch over you."

"Yes," she replied, "I had a fancy for a posy, and these were the words your father chose. It is much too small for me now—but the new ring has no posy. I am an old woman, Joshua," said she, turning the ring over and fitting it on the top of her finger. "I once thought of asking you to put this in my coffin with me, but it would be selfish, and selfishness was a thing that my husband could not bear; so I will give the ring to you."

"To me, mother! Bless you," said the student, "I could not wear it, you know."

"But there are them that can," said the widow sagely. "No, my dear. Keep the ring till you marry Penelope, which I pray I may live to see. And may it watch over you," said she, kissing him with a tear in her eye.

And while he was gone above to lay the ring by in a safe place she sorted out the contents of the desk with a sentimental expression. For she had her son's first baby-socks there, and her only love-letter, and a score of odds and ends that after she was gone would be thrown out on the rubbish-heap.

IV.

THE student had a soul, and was indeed conventionally aware of it, but it was as yet almost wholly undeveloped. He was in no ill-sense an animal, of noble instincts, not without religion. He had not until now experienced any great emotion that was needed to foster and swell by its warmth the seedling of the God-descended plant that was in him. But from the day that he carried little Ehret down to the river there was within him a new stir of growth. A depth had been pierced that reflected things of a height heretofore not dreamed; a mute string had been touched, that now trembled to sounds of celestial sweetness. He dimly knew of the change, and now indeed for the first time began to think; yet being by nature slow, and wholly unaccustomed to self-dissection, it was not for long, and then only by a kind of chance that he discerned its origin. But none the less it had influence upon

all his actions, and lent to his devotion to his mother, which was ever a touching peculiarity, a grace and fineness of feeling that it had lacked, and that at times surprised even her.

And in the mean time he was courting Penny Morrison.

Penelope was a good girl, as Mrs. Beggs had said; that is to say, so far as any one, and herself also, could at present tell. For she also was yet untried by any love or grief, and many things that were in her remained hid. At home she tended little Ehret, and in her household duties appeared nowise uncontented. Penelope was a demure girl; but in one corner of her cheek, just where the pink began, there was a dimple, and one should never trust to the demureness of a girl with a dimple.

Penelope was not very clever, but too much brains are no good in a woman—they are apt to work out in unexpected ways, so that you do not know where you are with them. That was what Joshua thought. But there was nothing of this kind with Penny, who was one of your old-fashioned girls, the same one day as another; and most things that occurred she took for granted. The visits of the student soon fell into this category and he himself also, and all things continued smoothly without necessity for explanation. Such a silent acquiescence is to be commended in courtship.

And of another, who also witnessed this sober love-making, I must speak; yet, perchance, with a certain reserve. For I myself knew this lady and loved her, as I might say, too well, did I not hold that our tribulations are ever brought about by too little loving rather than too much. However that may be, she was indeed most fair to look upon; but since it is rare, even with the great masters of writing, to find one that can put before you a face other than as a catalogue of features—item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes with lids to them. I shall here attempt no description of this one. Yet if every man invest her figure with that nameless charm that hangs about his mistress, I shall therewith be content.

And I count it no small virtue in our poor Joshua that he was by so much excellence inspired with a very lofty passion, of a nature so pure that it no way came between his simple liking and honest intention to Penelope. For this lady was to him nothing human or attainable, but the embodiment of all goodness and beauty, a manifestation of somewhat that

he felt, but at best could but dimly understand. I would not say that she was perfect (though haply there is one who to this day holds her so) but rather that her imperfections were of a sort that added grace to her virtues. In her attitude to the student, with whom she soon came to be upon a friendly footing, there was something of a fine raillery, she regarding him, if at all, as a *lusus naturæ*; perhaps, indeed, believing his uncouthness to arise from that deficiency that goes to make what the country folk call an "innocent." Yet I think she had a sort of compassion for him too. At every meeting (and since little Ehret was now very ailing, and loved to see the "district lady," these often came about) she had for him some little merry quip or jest, as "How do the Ancient Fathers to-day, Mr. Beggs?" or, "I hear that the examiners are preparing papers of especial difficulty to meet your case, but they fear that you will have the better of them yet!"

And the student would grow exceedingly red, and show his two rows of teeth, but at the time no words came to him. Only after, in the stillness of the evening hours, when he sat with his mother over his books, a great laugh sometimes burst from him as he thought of the answer that he might have made.

So the courtship went on from the spring through the most part of the summer, and it was near the time of the examination.

V.

THE autumn of that year was an evil and unwholesome time. After long drought and the scorching suns of summer, the rain fell as though one had spoken the words that unloosed the clouds, and had forgot the counter charm. Half the town seemed under water, and fogs and ill vapors filled the air. Among the low-lying houses by the river whole families lay sick, some with one ailment and some another; but the most prevailing was a sort of fever that spared not young nor old. And sometimes it attacked them but mildly, yet left them feeble and wan; and again at a touch of its destroying finger a soul was released.

And the student was changed and older, for a great calamity had befallen. The name of Penelope was no longer heard in the two cottages, and her bright-eyed face with the dimple was never more seen there. Instead was a heavy gloom, for the mother was become hard in her trouble, and the father had fallen into worse

courses, and a reeling step was often heard down the lane.

And as for Mrs. Beggs, the old lady was as cheerful as before, but the wet season had so increased her rheumatic infirmity that she could no longer keep Joshua company in his studies, being by that imperative necessity in her knee-joints held fast in bed. But when he said, "I have sometimes thought that if I had not been so slow, this would not have happened," she consoled him with her wisdom; and the student none the less worked diligently, and with such force of application that good hopes of his success came to be entertained. But he studied with his back to the chair in which the widow had been wont to sit, lest his mind should be oppressed by its vacancy. Yet an unheroic dread mastered him at times that he would be stricken with the fever, which some held to be infectious; but the doctors were more apt to consider it of those maladies that in unhealthy seasons hang, as it were, in the air. And since such prognostications do for the most part fulfil themselves, so it was with this. It took him (by good fortune) not until the very day following his examination in the schools. In its encounter he was as valiant as he had been timorous at the thought of it. "The examination is over, and the old lady is well so far," said he. The sickness ran its course for days and weeks, and he lay alone and did not speak much.

Only one day a lady came with the doctor, and she brought a posy of autumn roses. She smiled, speaking some kindly words, half jesting, and from that day he began to amend.

"Half of these are for you," said she, "and the rest I shall take to little Ehret. I fear that the child is sickening with the fever, and her mother, you know, is in bed with it. But these grow in the sunny corner of my garden, and they are a certain cure. See! I have put them where the light shines through them—you must look, and smell, and grow strong."

As she went out at the door she turned and said, "You will not forget to let me know the degree-day? For I must certainly be there," and so, with a laugh, she was gone. Once only again he saw her; a pale, fair profile, the sweet mouth a little drooping, as she stepped into a carriage, leaning on a strong arm—but that was after.

And now, but the shadow of himself, the student could at last descend into the little parlor, and sat there hugging the

fire (as the saying is) and anon feeling his pulse. The doctor came upon him sitting thus in the half darkness, and felt surprise at his weakness, not knowing what had been his diet for the three years past.

"You must be exceedingly careful," said the doctor, "and on no account go out at present, for over-exertion, and especially the least chill, might be productive of the most serious complications."

"You mean," said the student, "that it would kill me? That would be unpleasant."

"Certainly," said the doctor. But although he was extremely busy just now he stood by the mantelpiece and turned over in his hand one of the white china dogs.

"It was extremely kind of you to bring the lady to see me, sir," said the student.

"There is no doubt," said the doctor, "that the lady is sickening with a bad form of the fever. I cannot be mistaken, for I have seen many cases. She is worn out with all that she has done amongst the sick; and with the child next door she has been almost day and night. The crisis will be to-night, and she will not leave the child, for it lies between life and death. The mother is in delirium; the father is useless, or worse. In all the town there is not a nurse to be had. I do not know even a respectable woman that is not engaged in nursing, or has not sickness in her own home."

"That is very remarkable," said Joshua.

"By to-morrow," said the doctor, "I could get help from London, but the harm will then be done. To neglect the fever in this first stage—to run the risks of exhaustion, bad air, draughts——"

"You mean——" said the student.

"But nothing will move her when she believes that a thing is her duty; and she will stay with the child," said the doctor, as if to himself. He put on his gloves.

"And your mother," said he to Joshua, "is quite bedridden?"

"Rheumatism," replied the student.

"I fear then there is nothing to be done," said the doctor, laying his hand on the door.

"Stay," said the student, raising his head.

The doctor came towards the fireplace.

"I am very sorry," said the student, "to hear that the lady is ill."

"Oh!—Good-bye," said the doctor.

"Would a person of skill," said the student, "be requisite to remain with the child for to-night?"

"Not at all," said the doctor, returning again to the fire. "Any one of ordinary intelligence could follow the simple rules that I would give. It is almost entirely a question of frequent nourishment."

"Then if you will write them down," said the student slowly, "I know of a person who will do what you require."

"If this is so," said the doctor, "I cannot tell how to thank you, for it may be the saving of a most precious life. Where can I find or send to this woman? You are certain that she is perfectly trustworthy?"

"The person that I spoke of," repeated the student, "will do what you require. It will not be necessary for you to send. If you will take the lady away with you in your carriage, I promise that the nurse shall be at the Morrisons in five minutes from that time, and will remain so long as it is necessary."

The doctor remained for some moments undecided, not comprehending the possibility of such an arrangement. He then remembered the sad history of one who had lived at the next cottage. And knowing the relation of Joshua towards her, and his kind simpleness, an explanation of a sudden occurred to him. He understood how a nurse might be at hand who should wish to come and go unseen.

"That is well," said he. "And should this person desire to leave early in the morning, it will be safe for her to go when she hears my carriage come up the road. I shall be there at eight, as nearly as I can say, for just now I must begin my rounds betimes. I should have stayed with the child myself," said the doctor, "but that I cannot tell at what hour of the night I may return, and the roads are heavy."

The rules for the sick child being noted down and explained, the doctor and the student shook hands.

VI.

FROM the window the student saw the lady enter the carriage.

When he had given his old mother what she needed and bidden her a cheery good-night, whilst she chid him laughing for retiring thus early to bed, he put on his great coat and a large red and black checked shawl that belonged to the widow. Taking in his hand a book covered in brown paper, he opened the door carefully and closed it also softly behind him. He walked quickly across the small space that divided the cottages, and entered that of the Morrisons.

Here all was quiet except the tick of a

clock that stood on the mantel-shelf behind the couch. Beside it, so that the light should not fall on the face of the child, there was an oil-lamp in a tin stand, also a bottle with a spoon and mug. The student removed his wrappings, and set the kettle on the fire. A brown teapot stood upon the hob.

"A drop of hot tea," said he, "is a most refreshing thing. Also, in case I should at any time feel inclined for a nap, as I am rather apt to do when it grows late, it will certainly keep me awake."

The student looked round the room. "One may as well be comfortable," said he, and he fetched a wooden stool with two supports, and placed it before his chair. He did not, however, take the arm-chair that stood at the head of the couch with a patch-work cushion, tumbled as though some one had lately risen from it.

"Perhaps I should go to sleep if I sat there," said the student. He left it in its place, and took a straight-backed chair opposite, at the foot.

Several hours passed. The student continued to read, yet he watched for any change in the wan face of the child, and gave her every half-hour the nourishment that the doctor ordered. As the night wore on an extraordinary somnolence came over him, so that it became pain to move so much as a finger. He laid aside the book, that he could no longer read with comprehension, and sitting rigid in his chair fastened his whole attention upon the clock.

"The noise of the rain is extremely loud to-night," said the student presently to himself. And indeed there was, beside the tapping of the rain upon the slates and the creak of the elm-trees, a rush and flow of water more than ordinary. But the student did not move his eyes from the clock, and repeated continually: "At fifteen minutes past three—fifteen minutes past three—half a teaspoonful in a little water."

As the hand pointed to the quarter he rose laboriously, and, his feet falling somewhat heavily from the wooden stool, splashed into a pool of water. "This will never do," said the student, as he administered the medicine. Taking the oil-lamp in his hand he looked round the room. The level of the floor was lower by two steps than the lane, and beneath the door, which did not fit too closely, a small stream of water poured and spread over the room, rippling and frothing like a little sea; already it reached nearly to his ankles. He set down the lamp again, for

should little Ehret arouse it would affright her to be left in the dark, and wrapping the red checked shawl carefully about his head and shoulders, he stepped into the lane.

The rain fell in torrents; the night was black, and the wind blew. He stooped, and turning his back upon it struck a match, that flickered but for an instant, yet enough to show him his position and the cause of the overflow; the remedy being, as he had believed, within his compass. For hard on the threshold was an iron grate that drained the gutters and also received the water which in bad weather trickled down the steep pathway, but to-night was swelled into a torrent. Moreover, the water and the wind had so heaped together small twigs and refuse and the sodden leaves of the elms, that these collecting above the opening had formed a coherent mass and impassable barrier, so that the stream, ever seeking a lower level, unavoidably flowed beyond into the cottage. Joshua bent down, and feeling with his hands in the water sought to remove the obstruction. Yet from the weakness of his late distemper, his knees trembled so beneath him that he was compelled to kneel, and in this position he cleared the grate, sweeping the fragments of the storm beyond the reach of the stream that was now again able to flow in its proper channel. He then arose, yet not without some pain and effort, since his head appeared to him to be floating far away, and his legs of vast length and cumbersome to lift. This phenomenon in some degree disturbed his balance, yet he clung to the wall and so slowly returned to the quiet room. Standing for a moment within the door the position of the chair at the bed-head struck him. "Somehow, I think," said he, "that she laid her head down on the pillow beside little Ehret there."

The room was puddled and damp, yet the most part of the water had escaped by sundry outlets in the ill-built cottage, and by good fortune the fire still burned.

The head of the student was confused, and his mind seemed capable but of repeating monotonously the next hour for the food or draught. When the minute-hand pointed to the figure on which his eyes were fixed he arose immediately and fed the child, arranging the bed-clothes and the pillows, for she was weak and helpless and appeared almost as one dead. He presently picked up his book (that was the work of a great heathen) and his eyes dwelling on one sentence, the words of it

by moments imprinted themselves on his brain, though he was without any sense of their import.

"Let each one of us leave every other kind of knowledge, and seek and follow one thing only, if peradventure he may be able to learn and may find some one who will make him able to learn and discern between good and evil, and so to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity."

A part of the words continued to haunt him as the refrain of a song will. "Some one who will make him able . . . to choose always and everywhere the better life as he has opportunity." There was a meaning here, but as yet he did not grasp it. And it was the time for the medicine.

The student considered that the soft weather must certainly have changed to a frost, for the room appeared to him excessively cold and his limbs stiffening. When a thing must be done, however, it is generally possible to do it. Also he heard the wheels of the carriage in the road above when at last it was past eight o'clock in the morning, and at the sound he returned to the next cottage.

"I think I had better go to bed," said he, "for it will save trouble."

VII.

THE doctor came running up the stairs in a youthful and at the same time business-like manner. The student lay turned away from him.

"I came in for a moment," said the doctor, "to tell you that the little Morrison will now with care recover. The crisis is safely past; thanks to the careful nurse whom you — Dear me!" said he, "you are worse."

"Doctor," said the student in a hoarse voice, "fetch me, if you will be so good, a small cardboard box from the corner of the drawer in the table yonder. That is right. Put it in your waistcoat pocket, please, for my mother has always said that it must be kept in a safe place. And I shall take it very kind if you will give it to the lady when she becomes better, for I think she is going to be married, and there is a posy, — she gave me a posy once. It was she, you know, who made me able to choose the better life. I do not quite understand what it is yet, for I am slow, you know. But I think I saw it once." He closed his eyes. "It will certainly be a better life," murmured he, "for it is extremely cold and damp here with the water on the floor. I am very glad that she told me of it."

"Let me feel your pulse," said the doctor.

The lady is recovered; or if it were not she whom I saw two weeks back in the street of an ancient university town, why then it was some one very like her.

The student, of course, died. He had passed his examination. M. A. B.

From The Nineteenth Century.

WATER IN AUSTRALIAN SAHARAS.

THE problem of dealing with the constant increase of population in this country has in the past few years come into much greater prominence. The colonies and America have hitherto absorbed our surplus population; but the cry of "Australia for the Australians," and of "America for the Americans," grows louder year by year, and the disinclination to allow a free entrance to pauper immigrants becomes stronger. Any scheme, therefore, which will develop the productive powers of our colonies and render them capable of supporting an increased population is worthy of public consideration.

It must strike any one who travels in Australia that the future development of the country depends very largely on irrigation and the conservation of water, and it strikes with more especial force the traveller who has visited India and Ceylon, where irrigation works, both by the rajahs of remote antiquity and by the rulers of our own day, have been carried out on such a large scale. Australia, like India, is subject to periods of drought. The drought, which only came to an end in 1886, was one of the worst ever known. It was felt in South Australia, New South Wales, Queensland, and in lesser degree in Victoria. In South Australia all the farmers who disregarded Goyder's line of rainfall — *i.e.*, who attempted to grow wheat in the salt-bush country — were ruined. In the districts lying between the Murray and Murrumbidgee in New South Wales the loss in sheep was two millions on eight millions in one year (1884-85), and the loss in sheep for the whole colony during the four years of drought was estimated by the chief inspector of stock at twenty-three millions. In Queensland many squatters lost nearly all their cattle, some fifty per cent., and those who suffered least — *i.e.*, those who had stations in the coast country — lost twenty per cent.

In the early days droughts were severely felt; but it was often possible for the squatter to move his sheep or cattle on to fresh ground when the feed was exhausted on his own. Of late years so much of the land has been taken up, and so great has been the increase in the number of stock, that it is no longer possible to move them. Land, which in a good season might carry one hundred thousand sheep, in a bad season would not carry twenty-five thousand. For a few years the squatter may make a large profit. A bad year comes; he finds his run enormously overstocked, and his sheep die in thousands.

Sufficient has already been done by private enterprise in Australia to show the value of irrigation as a protection to the stock-farmer against drought. It not only largely increases the carrying capacities of a run where the natural grasses are irrigated, but it enables land, otherwise only fit for pastoral purposes, to grow heavy crops of lucerne, hay, or wheat. The former is one of the most valuable crops that can be grown by irrigation, and is the mainstay of the stock-farmer in western America. It has been grown on the Hunter Flats in New South Wales, and at Bacchus Marsh in Victoria, for many years without replanting. It can be cut five or six times a year, yields seven or eight tons, and can be used either for hay or ensilage. It is estimated that one hundred acres of lucerne will keep five thousand sheep for three months, and that a hundred irrigated acres to every twenty thousand acres of pastoral land would afford complete protection against drought. The results of growing grain in Victoria show that the yield per acre of wheat on irrigated lands is nearly double that on neighboring lands which are unirrigated; but the experience of California, Arizona, and Mexico shows most conclusively that grain is the poorest paying crop that can be raised under irrigation. The colonies founded by Messrs. Chaffey on the river Murray are almost entirely devoted to fruit-culture, but they have not been long enough in existence to give any financial results; we have only limited evidence from Victoria, where vines which produced twenty-two cwt. per acre on unirrigated, produce fifty-five cwt. on irrigated land. We must, therefore, turn to California, where Messrs. Chaffey themselves established a most successful fruit colony at Ontario.

In California twenty acres under vines or fruit are preferred to one hundred and sixty acres under grain; the old grain-

farms are being broken up and fruit-culture is being carried on, generally in small blocks of ten or twenty acres. Fruit-culture can only be undertaken by a man with a certain amount of capital, because, even with irrigation, a considerable period must elapse before any return can be expected, although if a market is available, a certain profit can be made from vegetables until the fruit-trees come into bearing. Mr. Deakin, in his memorandum on irrigation in western America, puts the unprofitable period for peaches, apricots, almonds, and vines at four years, for oranges at ten years from seed and five years from bud, and for olives at seven to ten years. According to Messrs. Chaffey's prospectus some return from orange-trees and olive-trees may be expected at four years, and from the raisin-grape at three years; though it is doubtless fully as long as Mr. Deakin says before they yield a good return on the capital invested. The profit to be expected from oranges is reckoned by Mr. Deakin at from 120*l.* to 300*l.* per acre; from small fruit at from 15*l.* to 20*l.* per acre; from peaches and apricots at from 40*l.* to 60*l.*; from vines at from 40*l.* to 80*l.*, and from olives at from 100*l.* to 150*l.* per acre. The general average of profits on all kinds of fruit crops he calculated at from 40*l.* to 50*l.* per acre per annum. Messrs. Chaffey's estimate for the profits to be made on orange-growing in Australia is lower, that on vines about the same, and that on olives considerably higher than Mr. Deakin's estimate of the profits per acre on the different fruit-crops in California. That there is a large market available in Australia itself is clear from the fact that each of the southern colonies import large quantities of dried fruit and bread stuffs every year in spite of a considerable duty. The returns from New South Wales show that in the five years ending in 1883, she imported annually over 1,000,000*l.* worth of produce which could well have been grown in the country. Fresh, dried, and preserved fruits alone are now imported into Australia to the amount of three-quarters of a million annually. Though we cannot estimate the profits from fruit-growing in Australia from any return of results obtained, we have a practical illustration of what can be achieved by irrigation in the vegetable gardens of the Chinese, which are one of the most remarkable features of the up-country districts. We may conclude, then, that irrigation in Australia will be used mainly for fruit-culture, but that in the central districts, where the supply

of water is most limited, a squatter will probably prefer to grow lucerne, which will enable him to keep his run stocked without risk of drought, rather than the more intrinsically profitable crop of fruit.

Enough has been said to show the importance of irrigation as a preventive against drought, and as a means of increasing the general productiveness of the country. Granted its importance, what resources are available for increasing the water-supply? and how is the country fitted for extensive schemes of irrigation? To answer these questions we must understand something of the physical features of the country.

It must always be remembered that ordinary drought renders nearly all the rivers of Australia intermittent; as rivers they really cease to exist every year. The history of Lake George is an admirable instance of the variation between seasons. In 1824 it was twenty miles long by eight broad. In 1837 it was a grassy plain; in 1865 it was seventeen feet deep; in 1867 it was two feet deep; in 1876 it was twenty miles long and twenty feet deep. Though there are considerable rivers fed by the tropical rains in the northern territory, little, as yet, is known of them. The Murray River, with its tributaries, is the only river of Australia which carries a large body of water at all seasons of the year to the sea, and it alone flows through country suitable for an extended scheme of irrigation. We may, therefore, confine our inquiry to the region which it waters, *i.e.*, to the colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia.

Down the eastern side of the Australian continent runs a range of mountains at a distance varying from thirty to one hundred and fifty miles inland from the coast. The prevailing south-east winds which have swept across the Pacific ensure a copious rainfall on the eastern slope. On the western side the rainfall gradually diminishes from thirty inches, close to the foot of the mountains, to ten inches or less on the borders of South Australia. In New South Wales the whole of the country to the west of the mountains is one vast plain; Victoria is more undulating and broken up by mountain ranges. Through this plain flows the Murray, with its great tributaries, the Murrumbidgee, the Lachlan, and the Darling. The Murray rises in the highest part of the range on the borders of New South Wales and Victoria, flows west, forming the boundary between the two colonies, until it enters South Australia, when it turns south and

flows into the sea through Lake Alexandrina. It has a course of over three thousand miles, and is the only river of Australia which at all seasons carries a great body of water to the sea. At Murray Bridge, where the main line from Adelaide to Melbourne crosses it, the river is fifty feet deep, and many a time has it been said by the drought-dreading squatter, "If we could only conserve the water which is now flowing to waste down the Murray, we should be secure from drought for years to come." The Murrumbidgee, which rises in the coast range not far from the Murray, flows parallel to and from fifty to one hundred miles to the north of the latter river. Irregular as it is in its discharge, the Murrumbidgee, like the Murray, carries a good supply of water at all seasons. This is due to the fact that both rivers are fed by the melting of the snows on the high mountain-peaks round Kiandra, which rises to over seven thousand feet. Another important river, as regards discharge, rises in the same district, and, as its name implies, is also fed by snow; but the Snowy River, for the greater part of its course, flows through poor land. The next river north from the Murrumbidgee is the Lachlan, which also rises in the coast range, but has not nearly so large a discharge. The Darling, of which the catchment basin lies to a great extent in Queensland, is also very irregular in its discharge. It has a number of large tributaries on either bank; the Warrego, Paroo, Maranoa, on the north, the Namoi and others on the south. These rivers, especially those on the south, have a very fair discharge some way from their source; but, except in extraordinary seasons, their waters never reach the Darling, but are lost in large swamps.

One most curious feature in the physical formation of Australia is the existence of subterranean water over a great part of the continent. In the Mount Gambier district there are large streams of water flowing sixty to one hundred feet below the surface of the ground. In wells sunk in the districts between Adelaide and Gawler, water is found at a depth of three to four hundred feet, and it is impossible to lower it by means of pumps or otherwise. Many artesian wells are also used in the Darling district. But though a considerable amount has been spent already, both by private persons and by the government of the various colonies, on borings for artesian wells, the water derived from this underground supply can only be used for domestic purposes or for

the watering of stock. The flow of water is insufficient even from the most successful wells to be used for irrigation. It is the waters flowing to waste down the rivers that alone can be used for this purpose. In the winter or spring months there may be too much water in these rivers; in the summer months there may not be enough. For a few years there may be plenty of rain; for the next few years there may be a drought. The rain which falls in the good seasons must be conserved for use in the bad, and the discharge of the rivers must be equalized as far as possible.

There are several means either proposed or adopted for utilizing the waters of the Murray and its tributaries. Of these the most important is the scheme put forward by the New South Wales Water Commission some four years ago. The hilly nature of the country renders it possible to construct storage reservoirs at the head waters of the Murray and Murrumbidgee which would equalize the discharge of those rivers. From levels taken it appears possible to divert a portion of the waters of the Snowy River, which, as has already been said, flows through an unproductive country, to supplement the discharge of the Murrumbidgee. The country between the Murray and the Murrumbidgee, as well as to the north of the latter river, is almost flat, and renders it no less practicable to distribute the water than it is to store it near their sources. It is intersected with effluent creeks, amongst which are the Edwardes, the Yanko, the Colombo. A continuous supply of water could be diverted into these by cuttings, and retained in them by dams, which would enormously increase the water frontage available. It has, moreover, a gentle slope towards the west and north-west, which renders it extremely suitable for the construction of canals. It was proposed by Mr. McKinney, the engineer to the commission, to construct three canals — two leaving the Murrumbidgee on either side near Wagga, and running parallel to the general direction of the river; the other leaving the Murray near Albury. From these canals numerous irrigation channels would be taken off, which would still further distribute the water. The normal discharge of the Lachlan and of the Darling is too small to provide for permanent irrigation canals to carry the water to a distance from the river. On the other hand, there are rocky bars, both in the Lachlan and the Darling, suitable for the foundations of

weirs. These weirs would hold the water back for pumping in the dry season, and would be suitable points of offtake for inundation channels. There are, besides, along the course of the Darling, numerous large lagoons, the overflow from which is said to keep the river open for traffic for some weeks longer than the discharge of the river alone would do. These lagoons could be easily converted, by dams and cuttings, into enormous reservoirs.

The vast scheme contemplated by the New South Wales Water Commission has never been carried out, and nothing has hitherto been done by the government in the direction of irrigation. Last year the town of Wentworth, close to the junction of the Darling and the Murray, seeing that its population was drifting off to Messrs. Chaffey's colony at Mildura, applied for permission to raise funds to irrigate some twenty thousand acres of common land belonging to the town. The bill was passed after an interesting debate, in which many members urged upon the government the pressing necessity of dealing with the question of irrigation and water rights on a comprehensive scale.

But while New South Wales has been talking, Victoria has been acting. The first Water Conservation Act in Victoria was passed in 1883, and subsequently Mr. Deakin was sent to California to report on the system of irrigation in use there. As a result of his visit, another Water Conservation Act was passed in 1886, which amended previous acts, and gave extended power for the creation of irrigation trusts. A petition to be proclaimed a water trust district could be presented by a majority of the inhabitants, these owning more than half the land in the district. A trust can borrow money from the government at four and a half per cent., but the amount of the loan may not exceed seventy per cent. of the value of the land in the district. Under this act there had been created, on June 30, 1889, twenty irrigation and water supply trusts, with an irrigable area of 1,078,779 acres, of which 294,240 acres are capable of being irrigated annually. Besides these, several trusts have been created for the supply of cities and towns. Of both classes of trust there are ten which derive their water supply direct from the Murray, while many of the remainder derive theirs from its tributaries. Most of the works are constructed by the trusts themselves; but in some cases, especially where they are designed to supply several districts, the

works have been classed as national, and are constructed by the government. The most important of this latter class is the great weir above Murchison, on the Goulburn River, which is designed to dam back the water for twenty miles. There are offtake canals on either side of the river designed to carry one hundred and twenty thousand gallons and twenty thousand gallons per minute respectively, which will be sufficient, it is estimated, to irrigate three hundred thousand acres in the winter, and one hundred and fifty thousand acres in the summer.

In discussing irrigation in Australia the work that is being undertaken by the Messrs. Chaffey at Renmark in South Australia and at Mildura in Victoria, is on so large a scale that it must be treated separately. Their operations are being carried out under special acts, passed by the Parliaments of South Australia and Victoria, the provisions of which are substantially the same.

The government agrees to set apart two hundred and fifty thousand acres in each case for an irrigation colony, on which Messrs. Chaffey undertake to spend 300,000*l.* during a period of twenty years, 10,000*l.* in the first year, 35,000*l.* during the first five years, 140,000*l.* during the second; 75,000*l.* during the third, and 50,000*l.* during the fourth. As a commencement thirty thousand acres of land are licensed to them, blocks of which are handed over to them when they have expended 4*l.* per acre upon it in permanent improvements, such as irrigation works, horticulture, roads, bridges, and the establishment of a fruit-canning industry. If they carry out their undertaking on the first thirty thousand acres, they will have a further block of twenty thousand acres on the same terms. The remaining two hundred thousand acres will become their property on their expending 1*l.* per acre upon them and on their paying to the government a purchase price of 1*l.* per acre. The bargain is not a bad one for the colony, for besides any indirect benefit they may derive from it, they get sixteen shillings per acre for land which was previously almost worthless. As Messrs. Chaffey carry out their part of the bargain the land is handed over to them and they dispose of the fee simple. The price hitherto asked has been 20*l.* per acre for horticultural land, 15*l.* per acre for agricultural land, for town lots of thirty-three feet by one hundred and fifty feet 20*l.*, and for villa sites of two and a half acres 100*l.* The price in each case

includes a share in the pumping plant and irrigation works. Purchasers at these prices have to prepare the land for cultivation, fence and plant it, and pay a yearly charge to defray the working expenses of the irrigation works. The money spent, according to Mr. Kilburn's report in the Victorian Yearbook, already amounts to 120,000*l.* and crown grants have been issued of thirteen thousand acres. The irrigation works consist of thirty-three miles of main canals and sixty miles of distribution channels, besides pumping plant capable of raising fifty thousand gallons per minute. The quantity of water which might be diverted each month is limited, first, by the quantity of water which must be allowed to pass down the river; secondly, by the number of acres it is proposed to irrigate. Thus in the month of March twenty thousand cubic feet per minute must be allowed to pass down below Mildura, not more than twelve cubic feet per minute per acre may be diverted, and the maximum quantity of water which may be diverted when two hundred and forty thousand acres are under culture is twenty thousand cubic feet per minute. In the month of October the figures are two hundred and forty thousand, four, and sixty thousand cubic feet per minute respectively.

Mr. M'Mordie, C.E., who drew up a report in 1889 by direction of the New South Wales government on the question of irrigation in Victoria, estimates that the quantity of water which can be diverted from the Murray in Victoria alone amounts to sixty-five thousand cubic feet per minute, while Mr. Gordon, C.E., of Melbourne, states that the flow of the river at Echuca in 1881 sank as low as fifty thousand cubic feet per minute. The wholesale diversion of the Goulburn and other tributaries of the Murray is estimated at fifty thousand cubic feet per minute, so that, even were Mr. Gordon's figures abnormal, there would be in a moderately dry summer but little water left in the river.

Though, for much of its course through the territory of South Australia, the Murray flows between barren limestone hills, there is land available for irrigation on its banks, both above and below the Great Morgan Bend, where the river turns to the south. Renmark is situated between this point and the Victorian border. It is the only attempt at irrigation on a large scale which has hitherto been made in South Australia, though during the session of 1889, a Water Conservation Act

was passed. During the debate on the second reading of this act much was said on the proposal of the government to utilize the waters of Lake Bonney for the purpose of irrigation. The lake is four miles long by two miles broad, and is estimated to be capable of containing twelve billion gallons. It is filled every year when the Murray is in flood through Chambers' Creek, but the water runs away again as the river subsides. It is proposed to impound this water in the lake by the erection of floodgates, and to irrigate with it six thousand acres. The chief objection urged against the scheme was that the flow of the Murray in a dry season is even now insufficient to prevent the waters of Lake Alexandrina from becoming salt, and so seriously diminishing the value of the land in its neighborhood. To meet this it has been proposed to construct a weir, or weirs, at the Murray mouth, to keep out the sea-water.

From what has been said it will be seen that extensive irrigation works are practicable on the Murray and its tributaries in each of the three colonies. The next question is, will they pay?

Arguing from experience in India and from previous experience in Australia, which, after all, as compared with India, is only from works on a small scale, there is no doubt that they will. In India the enormous system of canals in the Punjab, which irrigate eight million acres, pay four per cent., some irrigation works return as much as twelve per cent., and the average return from all irrigation works is six per cent. In the Wimmera district of Victoria, where irrigation has been tried on a large scale, the increased value of the land irrigated was at least 1% per acre, and was estimated at more than seven times the total cost of the works. In every case where it has been tried by private persons, it has been found a paying investment. One acre of irrigated land, in a drought at any rate, is worth more than a hundred unirrigated acres. The loss of stock through drought in the one year 1884-85 was valued at 960,000*l.*, or more than a quarter of the estimated cost for all the works for the utilization of the waters of the Murray and Murrumbidgee. There seems to be little doubt that the proposed works would pay, merely as a commercial investment, and without taking into consideration the advantage of increased settlement on the land, which is one of the great desiderata of these colonies.

There are two principal obstacles in the

way of the system of irrigation being largely extended. In the first place, considerable opposition will be offered by those interested in the navigation of the rivers. To make the rivers practicable as water-ways will need great expenditure on weirs and locks, which would not be justified by the circumstances. The traffic on the rivers by steamers is always intermittent. The Darling has only been navigable as far as Bourke for short periods since 1879 — the Murrumbidgee the same. Since the opening of the railways to Hay, Bourke, and Echuca, the value of the river-borne trade has enormously diminished. At Hay the value of exports by water decreased from 489,000*l.* to 160,000*l.*, the value of imports from 32,000*l.* to 6,000*l.*, in the first two years after the opening of the railway. If the river is kept open for traffic, the country remains undeveloped. The proper course is to use the railways for communication and the waters of the river for developing the country.

In the second place, the supply of water in the river, though large, is limited, and there will be much difficulty in harmonizing the claims of the three colonies interested. The area to be irrigated by the works suggested by the New South Wales Water Commission on the Murray, Murrumbidgee, and Snowy rivers is estimated at one million acres, and the quantity of water to be diverted at 107,200 million cubic feet per annum. The estimated area irrigable from the waters of the Murray and its tributaries in Victoria is over two and a half million acres, though it is only proposed to irrigate one million acres, and to divert 90,700 cubic feet, including 21,780 for Mildura, in any single year. In South Australia Messrs. Chaffey's Renmark scheme will divert 21,780 million cubic feet per annum.

The discharge of the Murray as gauged at Morgan was:—

During the year 1884	.	.	.	224,788
" " 1885	.	.	.	240,014
" " 1886	.	.	.	316,095
" " 1887	.	.	.	731,458
" " 1888	.	.	.	503,288

It is evident that in such years as 1884-85, with the enormous diversions contemplated in Victoria and New South Wales, the river would be almost dry within the South Australian border.

Considerable correspondence has already passed between the governments of the three colonies interested on the question of water rights, and proposals have

been made for a conference of water commissioners. As yet this has not been carried into effect, but the question of riparian rights will have to be faced, and that soon, as it becomes daily of more importance. The fact that at the conference at Melbourne the proposal to develop the Federal Council into a Parliament for Australia was so well received is a happy augury for a friendly settlement of this great question of water rights. It is possible — nay, even probable — that it will be one of the first questions with which the Australian Parliament will have to deal, and in endeavoring to reconcile the interests of the three colonies they will perhaps learn to appreciate more than they do now the difficulties of the imperial government in reconciling the interests of various parts of the empire.

Australians have a great belief in their country and its possibilities. In my humble opinion they are fully justified in that belief. With a complete system of irrigation, under government management, Australia will support ten times its present population. With the differences between the colonies reconciled, we may expect to see her enter on a new career of development and prosperity, which will not be marred by the devastating effects of drought to the same extent that it has been in past years. T. A. BRASSEY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE VALE OF THE MANOR AND THE BLACK DWARF.

THE Vale of Manor from the point where the stream rises, some two thousand feet above sea-level, on the brow of Shielhope Head, in the heart of the southern hills, to where it joins the Tweed, runs in the line of the old ice-flow from south-west to north-east, and is not more at its utmost than ten miles in length. Yet this vale in its short compass shows the varied elements of grandeur and beauty in a very rare degree. It impresses and subdues by mountain and crag; it touches eye and heart with a symmetry of opposing yet alternating and harmonious lines of hills, and a winsome grace peculiarly its own. In itself it is proportioned, restrained, and complete as a Greek temple, supremely perfect and lovable; yet it adds to its apparent completeness a mysterious power of suggestion, through the grandeur of its head and its far-reaching hopes and glens, passing away up and into recesses

beyond the vision, and here and there described as terminated only in heights where the mountain-line bars the sky beyond. Around the source of the stream on the north side are the wild heights and the long, lonely, falling moorlands of the Dun Law and the Notman Law; while on the south are the steep, ruddy scaurs of the Red Syke Head, ploughed deep by winter torrent, and chaotic from winter storm. Down to the base of those hills — some of them over twenty-five hundred feet — the far-back glacier has worked and hollowed with clean and delicate carving, an urn-like basin, extending in its opening to the north-east for fully a mile. Into this the stream descends, and through it flows, winding in sweet links, gurgling, and lapping the bared sides of the moraines which here dot the glen, and cleaving and revealing the roots of old and extinct forests. Nothing can be more perfect in valley scenery than this — the Head of the Manor. The hill-line circles round the source of the infant stream — north, west, and south — complete in its symmetry of complementary and consenting heights, while their steep slopes, especially on the north and west, are smoothed as by a sculptor's hand. Long has the shaping power unseen worked in the ages and through the winter nights; here at least stands its matchless product. And these steep hillsides are, in the summer time, clothed in the most delicate verdure, a pathetic monotone of short grass and fern, only varied here and there by the sombre grey of a jutting rock, or by the leaf tracery and silver stem of a birch looking into the depth of a hidden cleugh, whence there falls softly on the ear the pulsing yet constant sounding of an unseen burn — the spirit-voice of the otherwise silent hills. Then, as we follow the main stream from its source through this urn-like basin, we are surprised by a sudden break in the symmetry of the opposing hills; for on the right the beetling rocks of the Bitch Crag (Biche Crag — Hind Crag) rise on the vision, standing out grey and grim against the sky-line, verdureless as an alpine peak, and overhanging a deep, short cleugh filled with the *débris* of ice-and-rain-split blocks of greywacke. These form a scene of perfect desolation, save where to the keen eye of the observer the sparse parsley fern clings lovingly to the irresponsible rock. A stream that had been buried under the shapeless *débris* suddenly emerges at the base of the cleugh into the light of heaven, — gleaming, spring-like, fetterless, — a joyous

Nalad set free from the darkness of bondage.

Then on the left we have a glen — of long, steep, and rugged ascent — rising up to near the summit of the Dollar Law, two thousand six hundred and eight feet above the sea. Down this rushes the Ugly — *i.e.*, fearsome — Grain (the old Scandinavian word for branch of burn) — and a grand burn it is, — two miles or more of leaps and falls and headlong plunge over boulder and between green and ferny banks; after two days' rain its right-hand branch is an almost continuous waterfall of one thousand feet. In summer this impetuous burn is charming, even amid its sternness and solitude; in late autumn and winter the mists and snows shroud its head and course, and the shepherd hears it tearing down hidden in the darkness, or rushing beneath its ice-bound bridges. From this point for a mile the valley runs between steep hill-sides, then gradually widens, still preserving its unique character of alternating hills sloping down on each side to the haugh, which is rich all along in greenery and wild flowers. The Water winds, pauses in pool, then rushes in stream, getting access of volume from its tributary burns, which it seems joyously to receive, and which inspire it with new life and speed. Linghope and Langha', Kirkhope, Posso, and Glenrath, are its main feeders, and each opens up a glen of special attractiveness. To the bare uplands of the higher valley succeed smiling corn-fields and graceful clumps of trees, especially in the middle and lower parts. Her and there alders and birks fringe the stream, and the tall yellow iris waves golden in the moist recesses of the haughs. Breaks of thyme make the braes purple and fragrant. The milk-worts, pale and blue, nestle amid the short herbage; and the crowfoot symbolizes the summer's golden prime. The Water turns and wheels in sheeny links, then nears its close, and passing by farmstead and cottage and ruined tower, and rounding the green declivities of Cademuir, crowned with its prehistoric forts and stones, it rushes through the single arch of its high-backed bridge; and so beneath the birks and the hazels, which wave it a graceful departure, it is fused with the Tweed, — as a separate life in a wider, enlarging this, yet itself forgotten.

This valley, beautiful and secluded, did not lie in the main line of Border warfare and raid, as its neighbors across the hills which bound it, Yarrow and Ettrick. And

it has not until recently been touched in song, though it stirred to musical verse the heart of Principal Shairp during his residence in it for some summer months. Yet it has much interesting legend and local story — of strong deeds, unearthly visions, and haunted houses, of hunting and hawking, and the Stewart kings, and Mary herself, which, however, cannot now be touched in detail. It is sufficient to say that in the early and Middle Ages, before and after the days of Robert Bruce, the Vale of Manor held at least nine, if not ten, Peel-towers, the residences of different families, — Corbett, Baddeby, Inglis, Lowes, Paterson, Baird, Veitch, Scott, and Burnett. The representatives of those names, as far as they can be traced, are at this moment, with the single exception of the descendant through the female line of Baird of Posso, landless men. But there they were in this small and sequestered valley, the families living in those old towers as best they might, not badly off in the outings of the summer days, when the haughs were green and the heather on the hills, but huddled behind and within the stern thick walls during the nights and storms of winter. Strange and picturesque bits of legend and story cling to some of the names now mentioned which we pass by, noting only that they recall the ever-living human emotions, circumstances warring with desire which makes fate, and that strange atmosphere of belief in super-sensible powers which was so real in the life and character of those times. Some of the sires and sons went out from those old towers to fight and fall at Flodden and Pinkie. Others of them, even in the previous century, had found graves in northern France, at Beaugé and Verneuil. Most of them, countless generations of men and women, bright in their day of life, sleep under the green mounds to be seen around the shapeless ruins of St. Gordian's Kirk, far up the glen, their names unmarked, even their graves forgotten. Only a graceful cross set up recently on the site of the ancient church, by the late Sir John Naesmyth, a man of culture and true historic feeling, tells briefly and generally that the past generations of laird and lady and peasant lie there. All that remains is the pathetic charm for imagination of the old life and the old death.

Our great master of romance, who has touched Scottish story and scenery as no one else has done, once at least paid a visit to the Vale of Manor. Exactly ninety-three years ago Walter Scott saw

the valley, apparently for the first and last time. His stay was a brief one, being but a guest for a day or two. But he saw it, and under, we may suppose, favoring circumstances, — it was the month of July. He has not, except in a very incidental way, reproduced the scenery, though he has noted features which are unmistakably characteristic of it. He could have known little or nothing of the legends and stories of the glen, otherwise they would not have been lost upon him. Upper Tweeddale was not, indeed, his main sphere, either for scenery or story. But he found during his short visit to Manor one personage, — an oddity, — who touched his fancy, and whose memory remained with him, until nineteen years afterwards he reproduced the character, idealized after his peculiar fashion. This is Elshender the Recluse, as he appears in the novel of "The Black Dwarf" (1816). It may be of some interest to set down what can be ascertained of the original of this character, and thus note the materials on which Scott worked in this case. "The Black Dwarf," indeed, is a novel in which the subordinate scenes, or scenes by the way, are the best, the plot as a whole being but second-rate. In those scenes the striking points have been suggested by the actual characteristics of the original, — the Black Dwarf of Manor. And I do not know any better illustration of the nearness to the actual facts of Scott's suggestiveness and idealizing power than in the best parts of "The Black Dwarf."

The original of the Black Dwarf — David Ritchie — was buried in Manor kirkyard eighteen years before I was born, but I have heard my mother speak of him, who had seen him, and had a curiously mixed feeling from the sight, chiefly gruesome. He used to hobble down to Peebles from his cottage in Manor, reaching it after hours of toil, — yet succeeding in getting back the same day, — a distance of fully eight miles. The bairns in the town used to bother him, my mother told me, and he grew very angry, and used strong expressions. "He would, if he could, poor seething lead down their throats," and "he would cleave their harnpans," and so on, which he was mercifully not permitted to do. Yet she thought, as she always said, "There was good in the body; he was ill-used." She was right, as I have since found, and "ill-used" is the key very much to the explanation of his highly peculiar character and development. He was in the habit of calling at my grandfather's house, where he stayed an hour

or two, and had dinner before returning to his cottage in Manor. In his curiously capricious mood he liked my grandfather, but hated my grandmother, who, I dare say, was rather repelled by him, and not sympathetic.

There is still another link in my memory with Bowed Davie. Well do I remember an elderly woman, — a spinster, — who in her youth had been a servant at Hallmanor early in the century. This farm is about two miles up the valley from the Dwarf's cottage. "As I was aince," she said, "herdin' the kye near the hoose, I saw the tap of a lang stick coming up, as it were, ahint the dyke, and there was nae heid ava' and naebodie to be seen, — just aye a lang stick tooring ower the dyke, — an' I was feared. I was juist gaun to rin hame and leave the kye, when a wee bit bodie wi' the lang stick began to sprachle ower the dyke where some stanes were doon, an' I thocht to mysel', this maun be Bowed Davie o' the Wudduss. Weel, I didna rin hame; he said naething as he gaed by me, but juist gied a queer kind o' glower. That nicht he stayed at Ha'manor, and odd, he was an awfu' bodie to crack — juist tellt ye stories ane after anither, — never was dune, — his tongue gaed like the clapper o' a mill. He stayed a nicht or twae, an' we were a' fond o' his cracks. He tellt us aboot the deid man wi' the glowerin' e'en — they were stellt in his heid — that they fand i' the water, and naebodie kenned where he came frae; and he tellt us aboot witches and warlocks, and hoo he had frightened away ghaists and robbers; and he said he didna care a bodle for a' the lasses in Manor, which I didna believe, but I thocht they wadna care muckle for him, and that was maybe the reason. I wadna hae putten my hand on his shouther for a' the world. I wasna sorry when he gaed away ower to Glenrath." This is a very characteristic account of the impression made by David in his day.

"Black Dwarf." Why was this creature thus named? Not, I think, entirely or mainly from his personal appearance, as is generally supposed. We had up to his time a popular belief in a creature that haunted our moors, — possibly a reminiscence of a prehistoric type of man. He was known to the ordinary mind of the time as "The Brown Man of the Moors," as "The Wee Brown Man," — very much like that low thistle, with its red and then brown head (the *Carlina vulgaris*), which you find crowning the line of the brae against the sky as you toilsomely tramp

up against and over recurring knowes that have a habit of constantly transcending each other, and facing you anew as if you had overcome none of them. Well, this Brown Man seems to have passed latterly into a "Black Dwarf." Dwarf he was from the first, black or not. The Brown Man of the Moors was the lord of all the harmless creatures there, — deer and peewit, and whaup, and grouse, and black game, and speeding mountain hare. They were his subjects, his creatures, and it was his duty and privilege to watch over them, guard them, protect them from intrusion and violent death. Hence he was at war with all huntsmen, and, as far as he could, revenged himself on them for intrusion on the silence of his domain and on injury to the helpless creatures of the wild. How I entirely sympathize with the heart of that old sprite! One can see his revenge on the sportsman in Leyden's "Cowl of Keeldar."

But he had another side, if indeed he was the same personage, which I rather think he was. He was also the Black Dwarf, and in this function he used to punish farmer and shepherd mankind by inflictions on their flocks — disease and death — either for injury done to his wild creatures, or as a power of providential retribution for the sins of the owners. When he showed himself, it was as a prophecy of evils coming on the land.

"My father," says the grand-dame of the Heugh-foot, "aften tauld me he was seen in the year o' the bloody fight at Marston Moor, and then again in Montrose's troubles, and again before the rout o' Dunbar, and in my ain time, he was seen about the time o' Bothwell Brigg, and they said the short-sighted Laird of Benaruck had a communing wi' him some time afore Argyle's landing, but that I cannot speak to sae preceesely — it was far in the west. O, bairns, he's never permitted but in an ill time."*

This being was thus both kind and retributive in his nature, if not somewhat malignant. His appearance on the moors corresponded very closely, almost literally, to the physical phenomenon known as David Ritchie, or Bowed Davie, and hence the application to him of the cognomen of the "Black Dwarf," which indicated a mixture of humanity and something of fiendish malevolence. This creature would have passed away, unnoticed and unknown to the general public, but for an accident.

In July, 1797, Walter Scott, Captain John Scott, his brother, and Adam Fergu-

son, his friend, set out from Edinburgh to visit Cumberland and the English lakes. Scott was then twenty-six, a briefless advocate, known to a few people in Edinburgh as dabbling in German romantic ballads — the translator of "Lenore" and "The Wild Huntsman" of Bürger. As to how eventful this tour was to prove to him, Scott was as yet, of course, wholly unaware. He had been disappointed in his first love-passion the autumn preceding, and ere he returned from this journey he became engaged to Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, afterwards his wife. On their way they passed through Peebles, and visited, as a first stage from Edinburgh, Hallyards, three and a half miles from the former place, in the valley of the Manor. This house, the mansion formerly of the lairds of Hundleshope, was tenanted by Adam Ferguson, known as professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and father of the younger Adam, Scott's friend.

Adam Ferguson was a man of ability and worth, — had been in his young days chaplain to the 42nd Regiment, and was present at Fontenoy, where his military ardor, according to report, overcame his clerical decorum. He had been professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, having resigned the chair in 1785, when he was succeeded by Dugald Stewart. But the professor had a great name in letters and philosophy in his day. He was author of an "Essay on Civil Society" and of the "History of the Roman Republic" — both works of merit for their time. His published lectures on moral philosophy are high-toned and eloquent. Ferguson, indeed, was a stoic in everything but temper. In this, if we may trust the anecdotes referring to the time of his sojourn at Hallyards and Neidpath, he was far from being impeccable. In fact, he might have been taken as the original of the story of the Scotch laird who once said to his servant John, who had complained of his temper: "I am sure, John, it is nae suner on than it's off." "Ay," said John; "but, laird, it's nae suner off than it's on." The professor, nevertheless, was a worthy, genial, hospitable man, and for long very kindly remembered on Tweedside.

About half a mile west from Hallyards, up the valley and across what was then chiefly low-lying haugh and moorland — Scott calls it "wild moorland" — there lived in a cottage built by his own hands a queer creature, by name David Ritchie, but commonly known in the district as

* The Black Dwarf.

"Bowed Davie," and by those kindly disposed to and familiar with him as simply "Davie" or "Dauvit." He was oddly misshapen, short in stature—not more than three feet six inches in height—and he was certainly not comely to look upon. I have before me three sketches of him—1817, 1820, and the photograph of one probably earlier than either of these, a drawing in the possession of the late Mr. Ballantine of Woodhouse. The first two are obviously sketches from memory, the third may have been taken from life. It is the rudest, and certainly the most repellent. These agree essentially in feature. In all he wears a cowl or night-cap, and carries a long pole—*kent*, or sort of alpenstock. He is dressed in hodden grey, and wears a plaid thrown across his shoulders. The sketches bear out in general the following description, given to Dr. John Brown by a friend of mine, on whose intelligence and accuracy in gathering information full reliance may be placed—the late Mr. Robert Craig, surgeon in Peebles: "His forehead was very narrow and low, sloping upwards and backwards—something of the hatchet shape; his eyes deep-set, small, and piercing; his nose straight, thin as the end of a cut of cheese, sharp at the point, nearly touching his fearfully projecting chin; and his mouth formed nearly a straight line; his shoulders rather high, but his body otherwise the size of ordinary men; his arms were remarkably strong."* His legs were very short, and dreadfully deformed. Mungo Park, then a surgeon in Peebles, who attended him on one occasion, compared them to a pair of corkscrews. "The principal turn they took was from the knee outwards, so that he rested on his inner ankles and the lower part of his tibias. . . . The *thrown* twisted limbs must have crossed each other at the knees."†

But nothing can be better than Scott's own description of this creature. I do not think that in any essential particular it departs from literary accuracy. This is how he appeared at his work of building his cottage on Mucklestane Moor to Earnscliff and Hobbie Elliot, as the form was revealed to them in the early dawn:—

His head was of uncommon size, covered with a fell of shaggy hair, partly grizzled with age; his eyebrows, shaggy and prominent, overhung a pair of small, dark, piercing eyes, set far back in their sockets. . . . The rest of his features were of the coarse, rough-hewn

stamp, with which a painter would equip a giant in romance; to which was added the wild, irregular, and peculiar expression, so often seen in the countenances of those whose persons are deformed. His body, thick and square, like that of a man of middle size, was mounted upon two large feet; but nature seemed to have forgotten the legs and the thighs, or they were so very short as to be hidden by the dress which he wore. His arms were long and brawny, furnished with two muscular hands, and, where uncovered in the eagerness of his labor, were shagged with coarse black hair. It seemed as if nature had originally intended the separate parts of his body to be the members of a giant, but had afterwards capriciously assigned them to the person of a dwarf, so ill did the length of his arms and the iron strength of his frame correspond with the shortness of his stature.*

David Ritchie never wore shoes—the extremities of his legs being wrapped in rags and old stockings, with the toes always exposed, according to Mr. Craig's account, summer and winter. There are wonderful stories of his strength of arm and power of butting with his skull. He is said to have been able to break, with a rush and stroke of his head, the single-panelled doors of the shepherds' houses!

His mode of locomotion was remarkable. He placed his long pole or *kent* in front of him,—rested his hands on its turned top,—"lifted one leg something in the manner that the oar of a boat is worked—and then the other, next advanced his staff, and repeated the operation, by diligently doing which he was able to make not very slow progress. He frequently walked to Peebles, four miles, and back again in one day."†

This misshapen creature had set himself down in Manor,—an especial incongruity in such a valley; but there he figured for at least half a century, finally died there,—getting an immortality of memory such as none of his contemporaries in the district will ever possess. And if he was physically peculiar, he was as eccentric in habits, tastes, and temper—misanthropical, jealous, irritable, and revengeful, yet with a curious fusion of better and really rare qualities. To some of the people around him he was the subject of ridicule and practical joking; in the minds of others he excited a certain weird dread as somewhat uncanny,—not without a touch of warlock power readily believed in at that time. By the farmers and resident lairds of the district, to whom he paid annual visits, he was kindly treat-

* Letter in *Horæ Subsecivæ*, p. 417.

* Tales of my Landlord: The Black Dwarf, chap. iv.
† Mr. Craig's Letter, p. 418.

ed; and he would condescend to accept small sums of money, and gifts of domestic supply, provided they were not quite of the kind given to the ordinary mendicant. He took sixpences, but hated to keep them, always turning them, when amassed, into shillings and half-crowns, which he carefully hoarded. He was not profuse in his thanks—rather took what was given him as his due.

On an evening after Scott's arrival at Hallyards, it was proposed by his host that Scott and he should pay a visit to the cottage of the Dwarf, situated at the base of the eastern slope of the Woodhouse Hill—"Wudduss" they called it in those days. We can fancy the interest of the prospect of such a visit to Scott, on whose imagination the old world was hovering as a shapeless but stirring, moving dream. We can picture the two—the venerable professor with his slim, erect figure and flowing hair, and the young advocate, with his limping gait—making their way across the low-lying haughs by the stream in the quiet of the summer evening,—to be afterwards famous as "Mucklestone Moor."

Once within the cottage the interview is well told in these words:—

At the first sight of Scott, the misanthrope seemed oppressed with a sentiment of extraordinary interest, which was either owing to the lameness of the stranger,—a circumstance throwing a narrower gulf between him and most other men,—or to some perception of an extraordinary mental character in this limping youth, which was then hid from other eyes. After grinning upon him for a moment with a smile less bitter than his wont, the Dwarf passed to the door, double-locked it, and then coming up to the stranger, seized him by the wrist with one of his iron hands, and said: "Man, hae ye ony poo'er?" By this he meant magical power, to which he had himself some vague pretensions, or which, at least, he had studied and reflected upon till it had become with him a kind of monomania. Scott disavowed the possession of any gifts of that kind, evidently to the great disappointment of the inquirer, who then turned round and gave a signal to a huge black cat, hitherto unobserved, which immediately jumped up to a shelf, where it perched itself, and seemed to the excited senses of the visitors as if it had been the familiar spirit of the mansion. "He has poo'er," said the Dwarf, in a voice which made the flesh of the hearers thrill; and Scott, in particular, looked as if he conceived himself to have actually got into the den of one of those magicians with whom his studies had rendered him familiar. "Ay, he has poo'er," repeated the Recluse; and then, going to his usual seat, he sat for some minutes grinning

horribly, as if enjoying the impression he had made, while not a word escaped from any of the party. Mr. Ferguson at length plucked up his spirits, and called to David to open the door, as they must now be going. The Dwarf slowly obeyed, and when they had got out, Mr. Ferguson observed that his friend was as pale as ashes, while his person was agitated in every limb.*

The picture of "Elshender the Recluse," nineteen years afterwards, testifies to the strength and permanency of the impression made in the lonely cottage on the young imagination of the future master of romance; and it testifies not less to the accuracy of his memory. There is hardly a trait in the character of the Black Dwarf of the novel which had not its counterpart in the original—always excepting, of course, the concealed quality of the Recluse as a personage of birth and fortune, and the motive of his withdrawal from the world as disappointment in love. Among other points, this very scene is reproduced by Scott, along with an almost literally accurate description of the interior of the cottage. The only difference is that Isabella Vere, and not Scott himself, is the person who has been admitted at night to the dwelling, when seeking the Dwarf's help against her forced marriage with the scheming and brutal Sir Frederick Langley.

The door opened [we are told] and the Solitary stood before her, his uncouth form and features illuminated by the iron lamp which he held in his hand. . . . She entered. . . . The Recluse's first act, after setting the lamp upon the table, was to replace the numerous bolts which secured the door of his hut. She shrunk as she heard the noise which accompanied this ominous operation. . . . The light of the lamp was weak and uncertain; but the Solitary, without taking immediate notice of Isabella, otherwise than by motioning her to sit down on a small settle beside the fireplace, made haste to kindle some dry furze, which presently cast a blaze through the cottage. Wooden shelves, which bore a few books, some bundles of dried herbs, and one or two wooden cups and platters, were on one side of the fire; on the other were placed some ordinary tools of field-labor, mingled with those used by mechanics. Where the bed should have been, there was a wooden frame, strewn with withered moss and rushes, the couch of the ascetic. The whole space of the cottage did not exceed ten feet by six within the walls; and its only furniture, besides what we have mentioned, was a table and two stools formed of rough deals.

The first part of this is a picture in words,

* Chambers's History of Peeblesshire, pp. 403, 404.

after the best manner of Rembrandt; the latter is a literal representation after Teniers or Gerard Dow.

When Scott thus first saw the Black Dwarf, the latter would be fifty-five or fifty-six years of age. He was born at Easter Haprew, in the adjoining parish of Stobo, in 1740 or 1741. His father, William Ritchie, was a laboring man, working in the slate-quarry there; his mother was a weakly, rheumatic woman, — Annabel Niven. Hence, probably, curiously enough, the Annale of the novel as the name of the nurse in the family of the Heugh-foot. He was doubtless born deformed, but the poverty of his early surroundings and lack of motherly care unquestionably contributed to intensify the oddity of the misshapen creature. If David, the boy, attended school at all, it was only for a few months, his father and mother dying while he was very young. He learned to read, but it is doubtful if he could write. As a youngster he did some easy work at Broughton Mill, and then at Lyne's Mill, — steering around husks that were used for drying the corn. This the creature could do sitting, and well from his strength of arm. He used to refer to this occupation in after life with great complacency. He was sent from Lyne to Edinburgh, where he was apprenticed to a brush-maker. Here he learned nothing apparently, and the ridicule and persecutions of the street boys were intolerable to him. Mortified and irritated by jeering and insult, the poor creature found his way back to Peeblesshire, and took up his abode in Manor. Why he abandoned Stobo, his birthplace, is not clear, unless it was that the extremely secluded situation of Manor, in those days especially, attracted him, as a hunted animal might flee to the farthest wild under a sense of the presence of its persecutors. Here the first notice of him as receiving assistance from the poor's fund is in 1762. He was now probably twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. Here he lived until his death in 1811. His actions and manner of life in Manor showed his originality and eccentricity. Without apparently, in the first instance, asking any permission from the owner of the estate of Woodhouse, Sir James Naesmyth of Posso, he fixed on a spot for the erection of a cottage at the base of the Woodhouse Hill, some two and a half miles up the Manor valley. This he proceeded to build of alternate layers of turf and stones, with his own hands. The kindly laird, when he heard of the circumstance, freely gave

the eccentric creature the bit of land he had set his mind on. Not content with a cottage, David proceeded on the strength of this privilege to mark out an adjoining space for a garden, and surrounded it by a wall of large stones. In laying the largest of these he had occasional help from a passing shepherd, but the design and work were practically his own. This choice of a site was, I have no doubt, determined partly by the fact that the remains of the Peel-tower of Old Woodhouse, as it was called, were close at hand, a few yards to the south-east of the site of the cottage, — still marked by one or two graceful ash-trees. Here the stones of the old building were readily available, quarried to hand. The turf he could dig, in his usual way, by pressing the head of the spade against his breast; the stones he could pull down and carry or roll — nobody cared for old towers in those days. The garden wall of the recluse shows even now evidence of the origin of the stones. Several of them still retain the hard mortar of the old tower walls, — and the stones at the bottom of this wall are obviously the foundation stones of the ancient building. It was in this his original dwelling that Scott visited the Black Dwarf.

David lived in this cottage of his own handiwork until 1802, when Sir James Naesmyth kindly replaced it by one built of stone and lime, with thatch roof. This now stands, but, unfortunately, modernized as to roof — slated, in fact — with another cottage tacked on to the west. But we have still preserved the low doorway through which the Dwarf entered, under the lintel of which he was able to stand upright. Scott says the height of this doorway was 3 feet 6 inches, and infers that the height of David was less than this. But the truth is, the height of the doorway is exactly 3 feet 10 inches, and thus the Dwarf standing under it is no sufficient ground for this conclusion regarding his stature. We have also the small window or bole in the wall, on the west side of the doorway, fitted with wooden shutters, hung originally on leather hinges, now on iron. It is, as from the first, without glass, which David would not have on any account. This is 1 foot 4 inches in height, and 1 foot 5 inches in breadth. Through this bole he was in the habit of reconnoitring visitors. Scott did not fail to note this circumstance. He speaks in the novel of "the very small window, resembling an arrow-slit, which he had constructed near the

door of his dwelling, and through which he could see any one who approached it, without possibility of their looking in upon him." There is also a small opening in the north wall of the cottage, circular on the outside, which might have served as a gunshot hole. Its breadth inside is 1 foot 3 inches. There is a small window in this north wall, 2 feet in height by 1 foot 6 inches in breadth — but this, I suspect, is modern. The height of the south or front wall of the cottage is 8 feet 6 inches; the breadth 11 feet. Inside, the length of the area is 14 feet 10 inches; the breadth 7 feet 10 inches. The height of the roof is 7 feet 10 inches. His sister, who by this time had come to live with him, or rather alongside of him — for that was all he would tolerate — had an apartment with separate door under the same roof, but divided by a walled partition from the brother's chamber. In the front of the cottage is a small, clear stream, which comes from the heights of the Woodhouse Hill.

During the half century of David Ritchie's residence in Manor, he subsisted on a moderate allowance from the poor's fund of the parish, on alms in the shape of money and provisions, and on the small sums he raised from the sale of honey from the beehive-skeps he kept in his garden. His meal-pock hung in the Kirkton Mill, and it was expected that each person who had a melder ground there should contribute to it a *gowpen* (handful). Then he made annual peregrinations round the parish, visiting farm and mansion-house alike, where he was usually hospitably received, and where his cracks by the kitchen fire, in his shrill, screeching voice, of the gods and goddesses of the old mythology, stories from Scottish history, especially of Wallace and Bruce, ghosts, fairies, robbers, and valorous incidents in his own career of conflicts with powers human and supernatural, when his imagination would occasionally transcend the actual, — entertained the amused and awed but not always credulous rustics. From these visits he usually returned laden with *provants* (provisions) of various sorts. His name is found, as I have said, on the kirk-session roll as receiving aid for the first time in 1762 — about the date of his taking up his abode in Manor. From February 28 of that year down to August 28, 1811, the written record of him is simply that of a pauper receiving his alms. The first notice is, "To David Ritchie for cloth, £3 12s. 0d." I should fancy this

must have been Scots money — yet subsequent allowances could hardly be so reckoned, they are generally so small in amount. He got nothing more until January 1, 1764, when the sum of 5s. is doled out to him. In 1767, September 13, he again gets £3 for "cloathes." The first suit must have been a durable one. In 1769 he and James Cairns get a plaid apiece, which together cost £5 8s. 0d. After this date he gets once, generally twice a year, 5s., 2s. 6d.; then as the years go on, 10s., 15s., then £1, and he has an occasional allowance for a suit of clothes. This support continues until the end came in 1811. He died in December of that year. Meanwhile, apparently in January, 1790, his sister, Agnes Ritchie, had joined him in his residence in Manor, and she, too, became an object of parochial relief down to her death in 1821. We find under December 7 of that year, "A coffin for the deceased Agnes Ritchie, £1," and "for bread to persons at her death, £0 0s. 8d."

Notwithstanding this mode of sustenance, David had accumulated at his death upwards of £20 in money. He had £4 2s. of gold in one bag, and £7 18s. in shillings and half-crowns in another. The remainder was made up of a receipt for a loan which he had given. After his death there is the following entry in the session records: "1812, December 5th. — Received from Mr. James Brown, weaver in Peebles, £10 10s. 8d., being money belonging to the late David Ritchie, Woodhouse, and including six months' interest." In his journeys to Peebles he had become acquainted with James Brown, a worthy and "bieny" burgess of the town, had trusted him with the money, thinking it safer perhaps in his keeping than in the stocking in his lonely cottage; and his trust, looking to the punctual interest, had not been misplaced. Of an old and respectable stock was James Brown — bonnet-lairds. It was his brother William, a mason and contractor, who, going through a chance contract to the neighborhood of Ecclefechan about the last quarter of last century, found Thomas Carlyle's father and uncles hodmen and poachers, took them up, and trained them to the respectable trade of building. But we have not completed the significant notice of December, 1812. It is added, "Agnes Ritchie, his sister, requested the said money to be returned to the poor's fund." Well done, half-witted, poverty-stricken Agnes!

Characteristic traits of David Ritchie

turn up all through the novel of the "Black Dwarf," with wonderful faithfulness to the original. To his observation of the character of David of Manor, Scott is no doubt greatly indebted for the suggestions he has worked up into the best parts of the romance. It is one of those novels in which, as I have said, the main merit does not lie in the plot, but in the side-scenes or episodes, — and for hints of these the author owes much to this misshapen creature and his ways.

Scott makes much of Elshie's strength in setting huge stone upon stone, as David Ritchie did. This feature impressed Hobbie Elliot with a belief in Elshie's supernatural power, and also that he was assisted by that mysterious familiar who was descried from the hills around as often in company with him. This appearance could not be his shadow, as was suggested to Hobbie, for, as the latter argued, how could his shadow be between the Dwarf and the sun? And then this personage at once disappeared on the near approach of the wayfarer, like a phantom flitting from human presence.

Then we have this: —

Though ye may think him a lamiter [says Hobbie Elliot of the Heugh-foot] yet, grippie for grippie, friend, I'll wad a wether he'll make the blude spin from under your nails. He's a tough carle, Elshie! he grips like a smith's vice.

One story of his strength is worth quoting: —

Near his cottage there were some large trees to be dug up, one of which occupied two men for two days constant picking and undermining. The Dwarf happening to pass by, saw and taunted them with their weakness, telling them with his usual acrimony, "that he would do in two minutes what had ta'en siccan twae whaesel-blawn creatures twae days to do without effect." Then setting his bull-like head and shoulders to the bottom of the tree, he gave it a push of so tremendous a force as fairly rooted it up from the foundation, to the astonishment of the men, who stared, thinking he was possessed of the powers of a giant. Davie marched off with all the dignity of having done a great action, muttering: "Brush o' Babel! I do that an' ye can."*

When Earnscliff and Hobbie Elliot volunteered to assist the Recluse in raising some of the larger stones in the building of the cottage, we have his contempt for ordinary capacity reproduced: —

Elliot and Earnscliff placed the stone, by their joint efforts, upon the rising wall. The

Dwarf watched them with the eye of a taskmaster, and testified, by peevish gestures, his impatience at the time which they took in adjusting the stone. He pointed to another — they raised it also; to a third, to a fourth — they continued to humor him, though with some trouble, for he assigned them, as if intentionally, the heaviest fragments which lay near. "And now, friend," said Elliot, as the unreasonable Dwarf indicated another stone larger than any they had moved, "Earnscliff may do as he likes; but be ye man or be ye waur, deil be in my fingers if I break my back wi' heaving thae stanes ony langer like a barrow-man, without getting sae muckle as thanks for my pains."

David Ritchie is usually described as misanthropical, suspicious of insult, irritable, persistent in purpose, especially revenge. Scott has emphasized his misanthropy, though not without relief, and in this he is true to the original. I do not suppose that David of Manor was well disposed to the world in general; and considering his original deformity — the idea of which haunted him like a phantom — and the jeering and insult he had experienced on account of it, a certain bitter and misanthropical tone of mind was not unlikely to be the result. But from all I can learn of him, it seems to me that this and some of the other defects mentioned have been considerably exaggerated. Miss Ballantyne of Woodhouse, who knew him well, and was one of his best friends, said that he was not ill-tempered, but, on the contrary, kind, especially to children.* This is quite opposed to statements of Mr. W. Chambers, and probably true — though he no doubt hated street-boys, or *keelies*, as he called them, who jeered at and persecuted him. The expressions used by David under the practical jokes and insults of his persecutors show a mixture of Byronic wrath and Carlylean energy of expression. In judging them, we must keep in mind the circumstances under which the sayings were said, and the sharp stroke of words given back. Intense and repulsive even as are the expressions of misanthropy and denunciation which Scott puts into the mouth of Elshie, these might be paralleled by phrases actually used by the original, under provocation. And some of his threats, when in a boasting mood, were sufficiently picturesque and dramatic — as, for example, when he valorously declared he would make an end of a ghost (!) that troubled a farmhouse: "I'se cow him, I trow. I'se weize a brace o' bullets through him; and

* Chambers, *Life*, pp. 34, 35.

* Mr. Craig's *Letter*, p. 425.

if I canna do that, I'll run him through with a hay-fork" — two finely exhaustive alternatives for the ghost.

As the result in one instance, however, turned out, there was a third course, which ended in David's overthrow by the rebound of the gun, which had been secretly double-loaded for the occasion. He accounted for this lack of victory, and sustained his self-complacency, by maintaining that the "slugs had rebounded from the worm-eaten ribs of the accursed worricow!"

David's relations with his sister were not cordial. When Sir James Naesmyth built the cottage for him in 1802, David insisted on there being two entrance-doors, with a partition between the two apartments. The one doorway, three feet ten inches in height, opened on David's apartment, and was used by him; the other, or taller doorway, led to the sister's division of the cottage. The sister is reputed to have been of somewhat weak intellect, though by no means imbecile. On one occasion, when she had been ill for some time, Miss Ballantyne of Woodhouse asked David how she was. The reply was that he had not been in "to speer" (ask) that morning; but he added that he "hated folks that were aye gaun to dee and didna do't" — showing a regard for the strict order of things somewhat peculiar and inhuman.

Of his doggedness in purpose, the following illustration is picturesque and weird:—

He had applied to Mr. Laidlaw of Hall-yards for the branch of a tree, which grew in the neighborhood, to serve some purpose of his own. Mr. Laidlaw was always very ready to oblige Davie, but told him that on the present occasion he could not grant his request, as it would injure the tree. Davie made no reply, but went away grumbling to himself. Next morning some of Mr. Laidlaw's servants happened to be going from home as early as two o'clock, when, to their surprise and terror, they perceived through the grey twilight a strange figure struggling and dancing in the air below the said tree. When going up to the place, they found it was Davie, who had contrived by some means to fasten a rope to the branch he wanted, and was swinging with all his weight upon it to break it down. They left him, and before he was again disturbed, he succeeded in bringing it to the ground, and carried it home with him.*

Scott makes his Recluse retire to the wilds of Mucklestane Moor through dis-

appointment in love. Nothing in the original personage corresponds to this, unless it be one somewhat amusing episode in his career. When well on in manhood, he set himself to get some one to marry him — probably in reply to some taunt as to his unacceptableness to the sex. He got the consent of a "haverel wench," and went to the minister, who, however, persistently declined to tie the knot matrimonial; whereupon the crooked body departed in great wrath, uttering a direful threat as to the certain pernicious effect of this refusal on the morals of the parish!

In the opinion of Professor Adam Ferguson, who knew him intimately and befriended him, David Ritchie was "a man of a powerful capacity and original ideas, but whose mind was thrown off its just balance by a predominant degree of self-love and self-opinion, galled by the sense of ridicule and contempt."* David certainly possessed memory, sensibility, and imagination beyond the common. Though little, if at all, at school, he could read English well. He was especially fond of Shenstone's "Pastorals." Many of these he had by heart, and he was in the habit of repeating them at the hospitable ingle where for a time he happened to sojourn. We can quite understand how the Solitary, in his lonely cottage by the Manor, around which he had created a little paradise of flowers and murmuring bees, would rejoice in Shenstone. He was fond also of Allan Ramsay, though, oddly enough, as we are told, he hated Burns. He had read the "Paradise Lost," and liked the descriptive passages. Scott tells us he has heard him, in his most unmusical voice, repeat the description of Paradise, which he seemed fully to appreciate. He was a close student of Tooke's "Pantheon," whence he drew copiously the legends of classical mythology. His head was stored with the popular stories about Wallace and Bruce, and Scottish heroes generally. It is probable that he was indebted to Professor Ferguson, who, we know, occasionally lent him books, for some of these volumes. Those authors supplied materials for his memory and imagination to work upon — faculties which were both active; and we can thus understand how one so stored in knowledge and myth above the peasants around him was an acceptable retailer of old-world stories at smithy and mill and fireside through the valley — in fact, rather an educative influence in this remote district at the time.

* Life, by W. Chambers, pp. 30, 31.

* Introduction to Black Dwarf.

His misanthropy was modified by a kindness to children—if very young; brats who mocked him he of course hated. He had a cat and dog of which he was very fond. His love of flowers and gardening was intense. The culture of his garden was indeed the main occupation of his life in spring and summer. He had formed it himself, dug and walled it with incredible labor. He had managed to collect flowers, fruit-trees, kitchen vegetables, and certain medicinal herbs known to the popular Scottish pharmacopœia. These he dried and dispensed to those who sought them. He planted willows and rowan-trees. The rowan was his prophylactic against witches, whom he dreaded greatly. He stocked the place with bee-hives, until the garden became a model spot, quite unapproached by the plots of the peasantry of the district, whose highest ambition was cabbages. The hermit's garden thus grew to be the wonder of the country-side. It was the main delight and solace of his solitary life, and it pleased him greatly to show it to visitors, jealous and exacting as he was in regard to intercourse with strangers. Deep down in the heart of the misanthrope thus lay the love of flowers and animals. Again this trait turns up in the novel.

How touchingly is this put!—

Next morning the heath was in its thickest and deepest bloom. The bees, which the Solitary had added to his rural establishment, were abroad and on the wing, and filled the air with the murmurs of their industry. As the old man crept out of his little hut, his two she-goats came to meet him, and licked his hands in gratitude for the vegetables with which he supplied them from his garden, "You, at least," he said, "see no difference in form which can alter your feelings to a benefactor. . . . While I was in the world, did I ever meet with such a return of gratitude?"*

One use he made of his flowers was peculiar. He had a liking for good-looking damsels as well as fine flowers. And, curiously, he was reputed a judge of good looks in the other sex. The lasses of Manor seem to have believed in him, at least to this extent. It was their custom, according to report, to present themselves at the bole of the Dwarf's cottage for judgment on their charms. He would, when a damsel appeared, eye her through the opening in the wall. If he did not think her worthy of a grade of honor he

would slam the small wooden shutters, and retire within the recesses of his den in disgust at such an appeal. If he did think her worthy, or was attracted by the vision, he would beckon her to the garden, and there, without comment, present her with a flower known in his floral language of degrees to indicate a particular class of beauty,—either a simple pass or honors.

But besides his love of cultivated flowers and gardening, it is clear from very good evidence that this deformed creature was an intense and disinterested lover of wild nature. And this was, if not the original motive for his choice of the Vale of Manor as a dwelling-place, yet in all probability one of the reasons why he clung so fondly to it all his life. In this there was some compensation for the ridicule of the world. The hills and streams he loved did not mock him, and he found that "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." Besides his garden being his pride and delight, we are told that he was "an admirer of more natural beauty: the soft sweep of the green hill, the bubbling of a clear fountain, or the complexities of a wild thicket, were scenes on which he often gazed for hours, and, as he said, with inexpressible delight."*

Davie, like all nature lovers, was fond of solitude, and when his garden did not require his care, and he was not out on some perambulation among the farmers or lairds, he would lie the long summer day by a well-spring, simply poring over the waters. Could the most disinterested lover of nature do more? Perhaps—likely, indeed—one of his favorite spots among the springs was the Well-Bush, nearly opposite his cottage, on the south side of the Manor Water. There, at this well-spring, surrounded by its fine and aged trees, the greensward beneath them flecked in gleam and shade, and the head of the spring itself crowned by one solitary fern, we can conceive the deformed creature to have lain and dreamed and passed the summer day. After all, if he had soul to enjoy this, in forgetfulness of the world and its taunts, he was happy and rich indeed.

Then the imaginative nature of the creature is shown through the popular tradition about him that he was in the habit of wandering out in the night along the dusky roads alone, probably feeling that wind, moon or stars, darkness or gleam, had no jeering voice. And on those occasions he would resort to old ruins, of

* The Black Dwarf.

* Introduction to Black Dwarf.

peel-tower or kirk, that had come down from the past with a hold on the imagination and emotions. This uncouth figure, in, for example, the old peel-tower of Castle-hill of Manor of a night, crouched in a corner of one of those low-arched vaults, watching eagerly the moonbeams glancing through the old narrow, splayed boles, is an imagination as gruesome as can well be realized; yet the circumstance was likely enough to occur any time between 1762 and 1811.

Scott had known this trait in his character, when he introduced the picture of him as he appears to Earnscliff and Hobbie Elliot, in the gloaming on Mucklestone Moor, moving silently and weirdlike amid the grey stones there, with the story of the petrified hag attaching to them, and amid all the supernatural associations of that lonely and eerie waste.

He went little to church, possibly from the dread of observation and remark; but he was supposed to have peculiar notions on religious subjects. I am inclined to think that he was theistic rather than Christian in his belief. But "he would now and then speak concerning a future state with great earnestness and good sense; and on such occasions, when his feelings were excited, would sometimes burst into tears."*

As in life, so in death, he had a dread of association with his fellows. Sir James Naesmyth of Posso had been his friend from the first, when as an insulted and soured lad he fled from the streets of Edinburgh, and had, as we have seen, first given him a free site, and then provided a cottage for him to live in. Now when David was getting old, a view about his burial-place occurred to him. The predominating feeling of his life asserted itself. "I dinna want," he said, "to be buried among the common brush in Manor kirkyaird." His desire was that his remains should lie on the summit of the Woodhill, — Woden's Hill, probably, — an isolated green sloping mount, crowned with an old fort and stones, standing in the middle of the valley, a central point between Posso and Glenrath, and blown upon by all the winds of heaven. Sir James Naesmyth, who had promised that his desire should be respected, was, however, abroad at the time of his death — in Vienna. David was thus buried in the ordinary way in Manor kirkyard. There he now lies, or at least there rests as much as has been left of his remains, with a

tombstone at the head, set up by the Messrs. Chambers, and a rowan shading his grave — at this moment, however, only the fragment of what it was. Thus the Woodhill of Manor did not get the keeping of David, which it appropriately should have had, for so it would have added to its traditional castle of Macbeth, really Malbeth, and its weird associations, all those memories that would have haunted the tomb of the Black Dwarf.

It is rather sad to have to record that on his sister's death and burial in 1821, the bones of the brother in the grave adjoining were taken up and sent to Glasgow. It is not clear from the narrative I have heard whether all were removed. Certainly the bones of the legs were, and the skull. The latter is said to have been replaced, but not the former. David knew by heart the lines attributed to Shakespeare regarding his remains, and was fond of repeating them, and wished them engraven on his tomb: —

Good friend! for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here:
Blest be the man that spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones.

The Dwarf lived in resurrection times, and he had probably a shrewd suspicion that a special interest would attach to his remains. I do not know whether or where the malediction has fallen.

"There is," said Kant, "the divine in every man." If the divine was not fully developed in the poor misshapen creature of whom we have been speaking, there was at least a twinkle of it, misanthrope and irritable sprite as he was.

J. VEITCH.

From Chambers' Journal.

A HOT MORNING.

It was frightfully hot. The worst night we have had this hot weather; at least so H — says. But then she says that regularly every morning, and so the value of her observation is lessened. Still, it certainly was more stifling than usual last night. I got to sleep some time after two. The servants become abominably lively and talkative at night after their somnolence during the day, and their lines are close to the bungalow. The *syces*, or native grooms, squatting at the stable door kept their hookahs bubbling merrily; and the kitchen-boy — a youth of education — regaled his brother Moslems with precepts

* Edinburgh or Scots Magazine, 1817, p. 211.

from the Koran, intoned in the dismal minor chant which is the orthodox style of rendering such works. Then, after I had been asleep for a little, I was rudely awakened and requested to go and kick the punkah coolie. Now, of all things I hate getting out of bed in the dark; of course, I never can find my slippers; and even although it is only a frog that goes squelch under my naked foot, still it *might* have been a snake or a scorpion.

Having roused the erring coolie into a condition of comparative wakefulness, I took the opportunity to go across to the lines and threaten the kitchen-boy into silence and the hookahs with destruction. I stood in the compound for a minute; there was not a breath of wind; the stars throbbed in the dusky blue as if threatened with heat-apoplexy. A watchman indulged in his peculiarly aggravating cough in a neighboring compound. A faint chorus of jackals and frogs came over from the river, and the hum of mosquitoes was loud in my ears. On my way back to bed I came across my own watchman sleeping peacefully on his back in the veranda, his arms and legs stretched out on the cool stone. I placed my foot on his bosom; he gasped, squirmed, opened his eyes, and seeing me, relapsed at once into cringing, apologetic servility. I again sought my couch. I believe I slept a little, for when I awoke it was grey dawn, and a lusty "brain-fever" bird was busy at his matins in the pipal-tree outside the window.

Reader, perchance you have been ill, and in the early morning, when sleep has first visited your eyes, you may have anathematized the doleful milkman or rumbling omnibus that destroyed your last hope of slumber. Think, then, what it is when the long, hot, wakeful night is over, and the breezes of daybreak at last bring some chance of repose, to have a fiendish bird sitting outside your chamber, singing or rather yelling to you by the hour the two words "brain-fever," in a maddening, ascending falsetto, varied by a reiterated scale of shrill whistles. Such is the pleasing songster that makes the Indian dawn hideous in the hot weather. A small, inconspicuous fowl, seldom seen, and inhabiting the tops of the highest and thickest trees round the house, he cannot be driven away, and glories in his security. How often have I prowled under the trees in the early morning, with gun in hand and murder in my heart, nearly dislocating my neck in futile efforts to spot the enemy in

his leafy stronghold shouting with glee at my discomfiture.

Well, I lie and listen, fascinated as I always am by the brute; watching the punkah flapping to and fro in the hot, grey air. The mournful notes of the reveillé come faintly over to show that a new day has begun, and the smell of wood-smoke and of the eternal hookah is wafted into the room. From where I lie I can see through the mosquito-netting over the open windows the yawning *khidmatgar* filling the kettle for our morning tea. The *syces* and grass-cutters are still handing round the hookah, and look as if they had been thus employed all night, while the native head-servant reclines on his bed at the kitchen door in an attitude more easy than graceful.

Perhaps it may be a little cooler in the veranda, and it is not worth while trying to sleep now, so I go out and throw myself into a long chair. On my appearance the head-servant scuttles into his house; and the grass-cutters gather up their ropes and knives and slink off into the jungle with that air of a beaten hound peculiar to the race. The crows are up and doing, watching the preparations for breakfast with keen interest. A particularly tame myna comes hopping into the veranda to see about this meal, at which it is a constant and favored guest. Then Karim brings the tea and the clatter of the cups summons H— and more crows. H— makes her remark about the weather; and the crows, in an expectant circle on trees and roofs, look on hungrily, and make remarks too. The myna gets a bit of toast, and loses two or three more, owing to the superior dexterity of the crows. I object to encouraging these evil birds in this way. The myna does not overstep the limits of decorum; but the crows soon become impertinently familiar, and grab things wholesale off the table, upsetting the milk-jug with their wings. So I call for Nettle to drive away the intruders. She appears from her usual resting-place, the cool, moist stones of the bath-room, dragging her weary limbs along, with drooping ears and wagless tail. Poor little beast, she suffers terribly from the heat and from fever, which ailment is doubtless aggravated by the cold and damp of her chosen bed. She has not a bark left in her; so she makes a half-hearted dash at a crow, which merely jumps high enough to let the dog pass beneath it. Having thus done her duty, she subsides again, turning a deaf ear to all inducements to go after

her favorite food, the lizards, which are scampering up and down the smooth walls like flies on a window-pane. She even betrays no emotion when a squirrel makes a desperate rush over the ground in full view from one tree to another, which opportunity of taking the squirrel at a disadvantage she is generally eagerly on the watch for. This particular squirrel and Nettle are old acquaintances, and many an exciting chase they have indulged in together. It must be even more thrilling for the squirrel than for the terrier, I should say, although Nettle has hitherto only arrived at the foot of the tree in time to bark fruitlessly at the squirrel, chattering in safety among the boughs over her head.

Our faithful *bhisti*, the one hard-working and deserving member in all the lazy retinue of Indian servants, staggers into the compound from the well across the road, with his huge goat-skin of water on his back. Presently the delicious gush of the cool water into my tub invites me to that greatest of all luxuries, one's morning bath in the hot weather. Kadr Baksh, the regimental barber, hops over the low mud wall from the next compound, doubtless primed as usual with some choice morsel of scandal, which he straightway discharges into the head-servant's attentive ears. For the barber, making his rounds of all the bungalows every morning, takes the place of the daily newspaper for the gossip-loving domestics, and like that periodical, improves and embellishes with practised hand each item of his intelligence.

Now the sun is up and waxing strong, and the crows are getting every moment more offensively energetic. The Indian crow revels in the scorching glare of its native sun. In the white, silent, stifling noontide, as you lie gasping under the punkah, no sound save his unmelodious voice breaks the stillness; and when no other bird or animal or human being can do aught but crawl, panting, into the deepest, darkest shade to be found, and lie there speechless and motionless, the crows are hopping nimbly about the compound, cawing and squabbling, or flying aimlessly round the roof, looking quite cool and happy in their glittering jet-black plumage, that you know must be hot enough to scorch the hand that should touch it. In fact, it seems a necessity to these winged salamanders that they be heated up to somewhere near boiling-point before developing their full amount of diabolical activity.

Over the wall our next-door neighbor is

visible among his plants. He is a little fat man, and looks at present like a huge mushroom as he stands half eclipsed under a pith-hat as big as an umbrella. He has a mania for that most unprofitable amusement, gardening in India; and his compound is wonderfully laid out in a complicated system of irrigation canals between beds of vegetables, which never seem to strike the happy mean between rank, unwholesome luxuriance and stunted dryness. At any rate I am sure his garden-produce does not pay the keep of the two big, white bullocks that spend the day walking dreamily round the groaning, squeaking Persian wheel which draws the water from his well.

H— says she thinks she will go to the swimming-baths; but at the same time seems to doubt whether splashing about in the tepid water with a dozen other ladies, and drinking more tea there, will be worth the roasting drive she will have home. But the sight of my horse being saddled by the *syce* is a gentle reminder that work must be done although the mercury be over a hundred. So, leaving H— to make up her mind on the knotty question of the baths, I shout for the barber, who has been sitting patiently at the kitchen door for the last half hour, and depart to dress.

From Nature.

CHELSEA BOTANIC GARDEN.

THE physic garden at Chelsea covers an area of between three and four acres. It stands by the side of the Thames at the east end of Cheyne Walk, opposite Battersea Park, a short distance west of Chelsea Hospital. On three sides it is inclosed by a high brick wall, and on the fourth you look through iron railings on to the Thames Embankment and the river. Within this area there are a dwelling-house, rooms for the gardeners, a large lecture-room, and four conservatories, and the rest is laid out in walks, flower-beds, and grassy interspaces. It is now too much surrounded by houses for trees to prosper, but one of the cedars of Lebanon planted in 1683 still survives. Amongst the others may be seen, or were until lately, well-grown examples of Oriental plane, *Salisburia*, *Wistaria*, hawthorn, black walnut, black mulberry, and many others. One of the most striking features of the garden is a large bed of *yuccas* on the north. It contains one of the finest

collections of the different species and hybrids of rhubarb to be found anywhere in the country. The most valuable portion of its contents is a collection of between three hundred and four hundred hardy plants and shrubs, which are or have been used in medicine. These are arranged, shrubs and herbaceous plants intermixed, according to the system of Jussieu and De Candolle. There is a smaller collection arranged after the system of Lindley, who for many years directed the garden and gave the lectures. From these are sent up the plants which are required for the examinations which are held in the old hall of the company near Blackfriars Bridge. Against the wall that flanks the garden on the east are nailed the fig and other tender shrubs, and beneath there is a narrow border containing *ferula*, *verbascum*, *acanthus*, the fibre-yielding Chinese and Indian *Boehmeria nivea*, and a crowd of other herbaceous plants. In the centre of the garden there is a statue of Sir Hans Sloane, and a tank full of buckbean and water violet, surrounded by rockwork on which grow saxifrages, *hieracia*, and spiny *astragali*. South of the main walk that cuts the garden into two halves are beds full of non-medicinal plants, arranged in natural orders, another tank full of water-lilies, bur-reeds, and bulrushes, and south of all have lately been laid out a couple of beds containing types of the twenty natural orders, a knowledge of which is required for the elementary examination of the science and art department. The present rainy season has suited the garden capitally, and during many years' acquaintance with it the writer of this article has never seen the herbaceous plants look more luxuriant than they do at the present time.

It would take up more space than we can spare to say even a few words about each of the distinguished botanists who have been connected with the garden. Here was laid the foundation of the classical "Gardener's Dictionary" of Philip Miller, which was first published in 1731, ran through eight editions in his lifetime, has been translated into German, French, and Dutch, and formed the foundation and model of the many gardeners' dictionaries that have since been written. Amongst the well-known botanists of older date who were more or less connected with the garden, were Doody, Petiver, Hudson, Rand, and Alchorne, and in later times Lindley, Fortune, Thomas Moore, Curtis, Anderson, and David Don. Full particulars about all these will be

found in Field's history of the garden, published in 1820, and a second edition, considerably enlarged, published by Dr. Semple in 1878.

The ground was originally taken by the Apothecaries' Company in 1673, as a spot on which to build a convenient house for their ornamental barge. In 1674 a wall was built round the open space, and the cultivation of medicinal plants commenced. At first the ground was rented, at a nominal sum, from Lord Cheyne, who was then lord of the manor of Chelsea. In 1712 the property was purchased by Dr. (afterwards Sir Hans) Sloane. In 1722, Sir Hans Sloane granted the use of the ground in perpetuity to the Apothecaries' Company at a yearly rent of £5, to the end, says the deed, "that the said garden may at all times hereafter be continued as a physic garden, and for the better encouraging and enabling the said society to support the charge thereof, for the manifestation of the power, wisdom, and glory of God in the works of the creation, and that their apprentices and others may better distinguish good and useful plants from those that bear resemblance to them that are hurtful." If these conditions are not fulfilled by the Apothecaries, the garden reverts to the Royal Society on the same terms, and if they fail to fulfil them it falls to the College of Physicians. Under this deed the Society of Apothecaries has now held the garden for one hundred and seventy years, during which time, of course, the land has greatly increased in value.

At the present time the garden is used for botanical purposes by four classes of students:—

Firstly, those who are going up for the preliminary examination of the Apothecaries' Company, in which *materia medica* is one of the principal subjects. This examination, we understand, is often taken by those who seek places as chemists and druggists and who do not intend to proceed to the L.S.A. Secondly, the ladies who compete for the silver medal which has lately been offered annually by the Apothecaries' Company. Thirdly, pharmaceutical students. One of the largest private pharmaceutical schools is situated in the neighborhood. Fourthly, students who are intending to go up for the botanical examinations of the science and art department. For this there have been about three thousand entries per annum for many years, and twenty-five per cent. of the marks (thirty per cent. being a second-class pass) are allotted for

a description of a plant and a diagnosis of its natural order. Probably we should be justified in estimating that a quarter of these three thousand candidates live in London, and cannot get living specimens to study without undertaking a railway journey, and of course it is only fair to assume that those who have passed their examination will continue to take an interest in the science, particularly as many of them teach botany in elementary schools. It is only the first and second of these four classes of students who have any direct claim on the Apothecaries' Company, but they have always construed liberally the "others" mentioned in Sir Hans Sloane's deed. Last year the number of admissions by students' tickets, as registered in the visitors' book, was three thousand. A course of twelve lectures and demonstrations have been given for many years in summer by Mr. J. G. Baker, and at these the annual attendance ranges from five hundred and fifty to seven hundred, or an average of fifty or sixty students to each lecture.

The Society of Apothecaries have given no public intimation that they are dissatisfied with the present condition of things, but they bear the whole expense of keeping up the garden, and reap only a share of the benefit. A committee has been appointed by the Royal Society to consider their position in the matter; and last week a meeting was held in the Town Hall at Chelsea, at which Lord Meath presided and Professor Flower was one of the speakers, at which the following resolution was passed: "That this meeting of the inhabitants of Chelsea, having heard that there is a probability of the old physic garden on the Chelsea Embankment being no longer kept up by the Apothecaries' Company, considers that every effort should be made to preserve it for the public as an open space." Under these circumstances we wish to put in a plea that the claims of the London students of systematic botany and materia medica should not be overlooked, or the scantiness of their opportunities for the study of living plants forgotten.

TREASURES UNDER THE SEA.—The close of the last century seems to have been very prolific in wrecks. The British frigate *De Broek*, lost in a storm off Lewes, in the United States, in 1798, is stated to have had on board no less than fifty-two million dollars' worth of specie and jewels, taken from an intercepted Spanish fleet while on her voyage to Halifax, and with it were also taken two hundred prisoners. The latter were in irons on the lower decks when the vessel foundered, and all were lost. Many years afterwards (in 1881) search was being actively prosecuted by a diving company for the purpose of recovering this specie, the result of which has not yet been chronicled. It would scarcely be believed that valuables have been recovered nearly two hundred and fifty years from the date of the wreck, but nevertheless it is recorded that the good ship *Harleem*, which was driven ashore in Table Bay, in May, 1648, and became a total wreck, had on board many cases full of curiosities and antiquities for sale to European museums. These cases contained idols, rare china, glass, silver, etc. As lately as 1883 salvaging operations were rewarded by the recovery of several of these articles. The china was not at all injured by having been two hundred and thirty-five years under the sea, but the silver articles had suffered considerably. Another very notable case—not only for the amount of treasure on board, but also for the big "windfall" for the salvors—is that of the *Thetis*, a British

frigate, wrecked off the coast of Brazil in 1830, with £162,000 in bullion on board. The hull went to pieces, leaving the treasure at the bottom in five or six fathoms of water. The admiral of the Brazil station and the captains and crews of four sloops of war were engaged for eighteen months in recovering the treasure. The service was attended with great skill, labor, and danger, and four lives were lost. A good deal of litigation was the result, as disputes arose between the parties as to the amount of reward for the salvors. The Court of Admiralty awarded £17,000; the Privy Council, £29,000, and £25,800 for expenses. In the reign of James II. a very successful salvaging expedition took place. A rich Spanish vessel, which had been lost on the coast of South America, rewarded her salvors with no less than £300,000, stated to have been forty-four years at the bottom of the sea. A medal was struck in honor of this event in 1687. One of the most recent cases of successful salvaging operations is that of the Spanish mail steamer *Alphonso XII.*, bound from Cadiz to Havanna, in February, 1885, and sunk off Point Gando, Grand Canary, in twenty-five fathoms of water. She had on board treasure valued at £100,000. The underwriters who had insured the vessel organized a salvaging expedition, which was despatched to the scene of the wreck in the following May. It is reported that a few months later most of the specie was recovered.

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